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AND
AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 50.

NOVEMBER, 1807

VOL. VIII.

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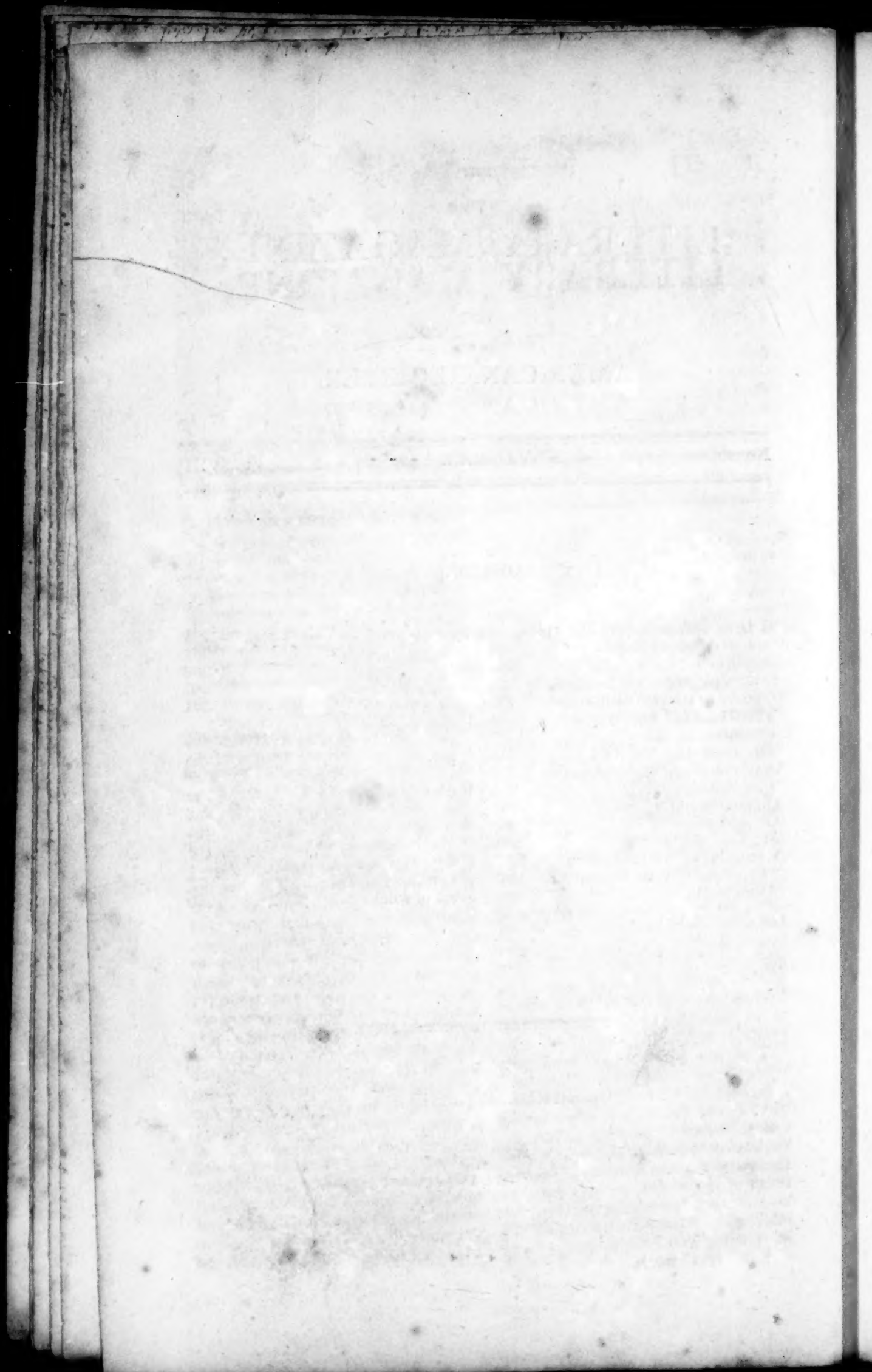
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LIFE OF LOMONOSSOVE, THE CELEBRATED POET OF
RUSSIA.

MICHAEL LOMONOSSOVE was born in the year 1711. The village of Denisow, situated on an island not far from Cholmohor, in the circle of Dwintzk of the government of Archangel, had the honour of his birth. Basil, his father, a peasant of the crown, was a fisherman by trade. Every summer and autumn, from ten years old to sixteen, his father used to take him to the fisheries on the White and North seas. They often visited Kola, and sometimes advanced to the latitude of 70° , on the Northern ocean; as Lomonossove himself used to affirm to his friends. Winter they chiefly spent at home.

The son learned to read and write from the parson of the village; but his instructions were confined to the ritual, and other books of the Russian church. When he requested to be supplied with works that might give him some knowledge of the world, he was answered, that such knowledge could not be effectually acquired without the aid of Latin; but this language was

taught only at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiow, which cities abounded in useful Latin books. For his proficiency in arithmetic, he was indebted to his own exertions. To escape, therefore, into one of the above-mentioned cities, and devote himself to study, was an object which he long cherished in his bosom. The opportunity so anxiously awaited, at length presented itself, in the 17th year of his age. A caravan with fish was going to Moscow; the departure of which he observed as a matter of curiosity, not exciting the least suspicion of his real design. On the following night, when his family were all asleep, he put on two shirts, and, protected from the weather only by a loose dress made of undressed skin, he began his pursuit of the caravan, and overtook it at the distance of seventy versts. The director of the caravan refused, at first, to take him; but, moved by his tears and entreaties, at length he consented to gratify his wishes of seeing Moscow. In three weeks they arrived

at the place of their destination, where Lomonossove past the first night in the fish market. The following morning he awoke first, and, while his companions were asleep, reflected with pain, that in Moscow he had neither friend nor acquaintance; that he could expect no assistance from those he came with: well knowing that they, being wholly occupied with their own business, would not even think of him. Irresistible grief took possession of him; falling on his knees, he with tears intreated Heaven not to forsake him.

At the break of day, a gentleman's steward came to order some fish; having caught sight of Lomonossove, he earnestly fixed his eye on him, and presently recognized in the youth a countryman of his own, whose face was once familiar to him. Bisny, apprised of young Lomonossove's intentions, took him to his master's house, and gave him a corner among the servants.

The director of the caravan was acquainted with a monk who lived at Moscow, and often visited him; on the present occasion he did not fail to see him the second day after his arrival. To this monk he introduced Lomonossove, expatiated on his ardent desire of learning, and entreated that he might be placed at the seminary of the convent of Zaikonospask, to which the monk belonged. The good father readily undertook the business, and soon accomplished it. As none but gentlemen's sons were admitted into this seminary, Lomonossove did not scruple to assume the title of one. The late archbishop of Kiow, then at Moscow, Theophanes Prokopovitch, to whom Lomonossove soon after endeared himself by his diligence and rapid progress in his studies, being apprized of this circumstance, sent for him, and thus addressed him: "Fear nothing, my young friend; were all the bells of Moscow to proclaim you an impostor, I would be your defender."

Thus the young fugitive became one of the students in this convent,

while his relations gave him up for lost; nor did they know where, or what he was, till the return of the caravan.

He devoted himself to study with all the ardour of a young enthusiastic mind, and his success was such as could only be expected under similar circumstances. At the end of the first half year he was promoted to the second class, and a year after he was such a proficient, that he composed small pieces of poetry in Latin. He then commenced the study of the Greek language, and the leisure hours, spent by his schoolfellows in play, he employed chiefly in exploring the stores of the convent library. Many of the books, which he found there, strengthened his knowledge of Slavonic, and, besides the various theological works of the fathers, he found physical, philosophical, and mathematical treatises. The convent library, however, was too confined to satisfy his thirst of knowledge: he earnestly besought the archemandrite to send him to Kiow, to study philosophy, physics, and mathematics; but, even there, he found to his great disappointment nothing but the mere sophistry and frivolous disputes of Aristotelian philosophy; having failed in his object, he remained at Kiow not quite a year, most of which time he spent in perusing ancient records, manuscript and other books written in Slavonic Greek and Latin.

Soon after his return to the convent of Zaikonospask, an order came from the academy of sciences at St. Petersburg, for transferring those students who were sufficiently versed in Latin to enter on the study of physics and mathematics. Lomonossove was overjoyed at the long-wished-for opportunity, and had the satisfaction of being included, at his own desire, in the number of students sent thither.

He arrived with the rest at St. Petersburg, and was placed in a seminary depending on the academy, where he acquired the principles of philosophy and mathematics. His

ardour continued unabated, and he, occasionally, indulged his genius in poetry ; but, of his productions at this time, none ever came before the public. He took particular delight in natural philosophy, chemistry, and mineralogy, and, at the expiration of two years, he was sent to Marburgh, in Germany, with another student, Vinskradove, to the then famous philosopher and mathematician, Christian Wolf.

Three years afterwards, by the advice of this celebrated man, he was sent to the mines of Saxony, to study mineralogy under M. Henkel, an able and practical metallist. At the end of one year he returned to the university of Marburgh, to attain the theory of that science. He did not fail of acquiring the German language, in which, while yet at Petersburg, he was initiated. From his conversation with the German students, and from the style of their songs, he became passionately fond of German poetry. He learned by heart almost the whole works of many of the most celebrated poets ; but *Hinter* was his favourite. He endeavoured to adapt Russian versification to German measure, and, by introducing their *tambis*, chorusses, and dactyls, he imparted to his native poetry a harmony, ease, and smoothness, altogether new, and, till then, unknown. The first essay of this kind appeared in his ode composed on the memorable victory of the Russians over the Turks and Tartars at Chotzin ; sent from Marburgh to the president of the academy at St. Petersburg, Mr. Corf. It was written in the style of *Hinter*, in imitation of his best odes, and, when submitted to the inspection of some of the academicians, the novelty of its construction forcibly struck them, and excited their pleasure as well as applause.

The president, Corf, had it printed, and presented to the empress Ann, on her anniversary day ; it was circulated among all the courtiers, and was read by every one with delight and admiration.

About this time, in the year 1790, Lomonossove married privately, at Marburgh, a daughter of his host, a taylor by trade, who, previously to his departure from that city for the Saxon mines, had made him a father.

During his residence at Marburgh, small as was his salary, he maintained his family tolerably well, till from the unavoidable increase of expence, he was reduced to the bitterest poverty, contracted debts, and was daily threatened with imprisonment. He therefore found it necessary to abscond. From a part of one quarter's salary, which went to defray his secret expences, for his wife and family, he had not one penny left ; he resolved, therefore, to beg his way to Lubec, or Holland, in order to find a passage from thence to St. Petersburg.

Unknown to every one, even to his wife, he set off one evening direct for Holland, travelled all night, and on the third day, having passed *Disselfold*, he put up at the public house of a small village, where he met with a Prussian officer and soldiers on a recruiting party. Here a strange event befel him. The officer, thinking to have found a proper fish for his bait, politely invited Lomonossove to sit by his side, take a supper with his comrades, and drink a bumper round. At the table many praises were bestowed on the Prussian service ; and our traveller was so liberally treated, that he scarcely knew what was passing. When somewhat come to himself, he found his coat decorated with a red collar, and his pockets furnished with several pieces of Prussian coin. The officer congratulated him on his entering the service, and foretold to a certainty the making of his fortune ; while the rest of the soldiers emphatically saluted him as a brother.

Resistance was useless. The corporal's stick completed the argument, and Lomonossove was suddenly transformed into a Prussian soldier. Two days after, he was conducted to the fortress of Wesel,

with other recruits from the neighbourhood, firmly determined to seize the first opportunity of escaping, at all hazards, from his uncomfortable situation. He perceived he was particularly watched; he, therefore, strove to appear cheerful, and gratified with a soldier's life. Fortunately, he was stationed out of town, and slept in a watch-house, close to a wall, sloping towards one of the back windows. Lomonossove, having taken an accurate survey of the whole position, and other conveniences necessary to facilitate his escape, attempted it boldly, and executed it successfully.

He made a practice of going to bed earlier than any of his comrades; consequently he arose always before the rest. At midnight, when all were asleep, he silently got up, passed through the window with all possible precaution, and, to avoid being noticed by the centinels, crept on all fours up the wall; swam across the principal ditch, and that on the outside of the fortifications; passed with great difficulty the counterscarp, the palisade, and other dangerous places; and at length found himself in an open field.

To get beyond the Prussian territory was the first and the most important object. He ran, with all his might, to the distance of a German mile; while his clothes were dripping wet, and the morning already began to dawn. Presently he heard the report of a cannon, the usual signal to pursue a deserter; fear redoubled his exertions. He continued to run with increased rapidity, and, looking frequently behind, observed a horseman, galloping after him, with full speed; but at this time he was already on the territories of Westphalia. For greater security he struck into a forest; stopped to dry his clothes, and slept till noon; when, having recruited his strength, he proceeded on his journey through Arnheim and Utrecht, and, under the fictitious name of a poor Saxon student, he arrived in safety at Amsterdam.

In this place a Russian *charge d'affaires*, Mr. Oldelkop, received him favourably, and sent him by water to the Russian ambassador at the Hague, count Holowkin, who supplied his necessities, furnished him with money, and sent him back to Amsterdam, where he soon found an opportunity to go by sea to St. Petersburg.

Previous to his departure from the Hague, he wrote to his wife, acquainting her with all that had befallen him since he left her, and entreating her not to write to him till she should hear again from him. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, he was promoted to the rank of adjutant, and for a whole year forbore writing to his wife; as the circumstances of his new situation did not permit him to avow his marriage; besides, his small salary was not sufficient to maintain himself and family at St. Petersburg, where every thing was extremely dear.

While on his way to St. Petersburg, he dreamed that his father was shipwrecked, and cast on an uninhabited island, in the Frozen ocean, to which, in his youth, he had been, with his father, often driven by storms. This dream made a deep impression on his mind. On his arrival, his first care was to inquire among the traders of Cholmohor and Archangel concerning his father. He, at length, met his own brother, who informed him that their father had the same year gone as usual to sea, as soon as the ice was off, but had not been heard of since; that he had been missing four months, and none of the party which went with him had as yet returned. His dream recurred to him with redoubled force, and filled his mind with melancholy apprehensions. He resolved to apply immediately for leave of absence, to visit the fatal island he had beheld in his dream, in search of his father, and to commit his honoured remains, if found, to the earth. Circumstances, however, prevented him from executing this plan; he was obliged

to send in his stead his brother, whom he furnished with money, and with a full description of the island, giving him instructions to apply in his name to the fishermen of Cholmohor, for assistance, in conveying him thither.

The fishermen readily complied with his request, and but too truly they discovered the body of Basil, cast on the identical island. They buried it, and left a stone, as a memento, on the grave. Lomonossove, the following winter, was apprized of the event. Grief, which hitherto had preyed on him in secret now breaking forth into open sorrow, exhausted itself by its own force, and at length gradually subsided.

His industry, and application to study, were resumed with increased ardour. He composed several dissertations on natural history and chemistry, in which were displayed the excellence of his genius and the profundity of his knowledge; these acquired him universal esteem, and facilitated his progress to the dignity of professor of chemistry.

In the meanwhile, his forsaken wife at Marburgh waited for another letter from him two whole years; and during that time received no tidings of her husband. Under this anxiety and incertitude, she wrote in 1743 to the Russian ambassador, count Holowkin, at the Hague, the same who had forwarded her husband's letter, entreating him to pity her distressed situation, and comfort her with the news of her husband, for whom she also enclosed a letter.

Count Holowkin knew only that Lomonossove two years ago had set off from Amsterdam to St. Petersburg, and rightly judging that he must be in the latter city, he willingly undertook this commission. He sent Mrs. Lomonossove's letter to the chancellor, count Bestujew, and particularly requested that nobleman to return him a speedy answer.

Count Bestujew, on receiving the

letter, forwarded it immediately to Lomonossove.

No one knew, as yet, that Lomonossove was married. On reading his wife's letter he shed tears, exclaiming, "Good God! Could I ever think of leaving her? Impossible! Circumstances hitherto have prevented me from sending for her, and even from writing to her, but now she shall come without delay: to-morrow I will send her money to defray the expences of her journey." This was done, as he said; and his wife with her brother came, the same year, during the summer, to St. Petersburg, where she found her husband safe, and in good health, overjoyed at seeing her.

At this time he lived in a house belonging to the academy, near the chemical laboratory.

Lomonossove died on Whitsunday, in the year 1765. Some days previously to his death, he addressed the counsellor of state, Mr. Stelin, to the following purport: "My friend! I feel I must soon quit this world. On death I look with indifference; but I grieve that I have not finished what I have undertaken for the good of my country, for the glory of science, and the honour of the academy; I anticipate with sorrow, that my good intentions will be totally frustrated by my approaching end."

After his death, all his papers were obtained from his widow, by prince Orlov; they were, by the prince's order, collected and arranged by Mr. Kozitaky, and locked up in a private chamber of the house.

Some years afterwards, chancellor count Worontzow, out of regard for genius, and the services of Lomonossove to his country, erected a pillar of marble, with a suitable epitaph over his tomb, at the convent of Alexander Newsky, at St. Petersburg, both which, according to a drawing sent, were executed at Leghorn, at the expence of the government.

From the life of Lomonossove, we should never infer his poetical fame;

but it must be considered, that his genius for poetry was as spontaneous as the knowledge he acquired was universal. As the latter extended, the former, far from being diverted from such pursuits, acquired fresh vigour; it cannot be denied, however, that his poetical works, though sufficient to insure him renown, would have been more numerous, and would have possessed more dignity, had his leisure been greater. They chiefly consist of fugitive pieces, such as versions of psalms, epitaphs, dialogues, and some partial translations from the ancients, with panegyric odes, on different occasions, which are the most celebrated of his works. A didactic epistle to general Shouvalow on the utility of glass, and two tragedies, "Selim and Tamira," founded on events connected with Russia and Tartary; and "Demofont," the son of Theseus, king of Athens, may justly be entitled to exception. To this must be added two cantos of an epic poem, "Peter the Great," which his premature death, unfortunately, prevented him from finishing, to the eternal regret of Russia, as, from the specimen, it would have raised him to the level of Greece in poetical merit.

As an orator he claims distinguished eminence. His speeches on various subjects, particularly the two panegyrics, that on Peter the great, and that on the empress Elizabeth, in imitation of Pliny, exhibit such rich specimens of eloquence, as will remain for ages lasting monuments of his ability.

He has also the honour of being the first who reduced the Russian language to a regular system. His grammar, rules of elocution or rhetoric systematically conceived and executed, remain to this moment the main standard by which all subsequent improvements have been made.

The chronology of Russian history owes to him its order, if not its existence; and that country will for ever be indebted to him for the progress of science. His elements

of mineralogy form a volume of considerable size, conveying, for the first time, scientific conceptions and explanations, through the medium of the Russian language. His speeches, or, more properly, lectures on chemistry, and various branches of natural philosophy, prove at once his indefatigable exertions, and the extent of his knowledge.

Such was the man who, under the humble roof of a fisherman, was secluded, till the seventeenth year of his age, in absolute obscurity; who shook off the fetters of ignorance by his own resolution, and who commenced his education at a period of life when education is generally finished by others. After this, can genius be supposed to be the offspring of climate?

For the Literary Magazine.

EVELINA.

Translated from the Irish.

The following beautiful sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a bard of the *Deasy's country*, now part of the county of Waterford, and translated by a gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted that no contemporary bard has given the author's name to fame.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina! soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy

lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple blossom; black are thy locks, my Evelina! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck, and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldest be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PLEASURES AND USES
ARISING FROM THE STUDY OF
NATURAL HISTORY.

"For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,

Or winter rises in the black'ning east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

THOMSON.

THE labours of an individual in promoting any branch of science, if judiciously directed, must invariably be useful and instructive to mankind. The application of different minds to different pursuits is the surest method of diffusing general knowledge; for if every learned man was determined to direct his attention to the investigation of one particular object (to astronomy, for instance), the world at large would be deprived of many sources of amusing information, which at present result from the united efforts of those who devote their time and thoughts to various other pursuits. Thus the acquirement of knowledge in the more practical sciences would be totally neglected, and what little we at present understand, would be entirely forgotten. Science of every description is eminently useful in two ways: first, in improving the arts, and directing them to the purposes of life; secondly, in cultivating and ameliorating the powers of the understanding.

The antiquary confirms or refutes the conjectures of the historian: the biographer enters minutely into every petty trait of the character he is describing, and attends solely to the life and actions of one man; while the historian, more comprehensive in his views, depicts the characters and manners of a whole people, showing their blind attachments, or unprovoked prejudices; and at the same time unfolds to us the remarkable occurrences of past ages. Thus a knowledge of striking events, and by what means they were produced, is added to an acquaintance with the characters of those who effected them.

All pursuits are in some degree dependent on each other, and a new discovery in one branch of science

often assists or explains a difficulty to be found in another. All departments of knowledge have their appropriate beauties, every fresh examination of which must produce new ideas for the philosophic mind to ruminate upon; and present new sources of pleasure to those who delight to follow the inviting voice of truth. We are too apt to look with indifference, or even contempt, at the enthusiastic followers of such pursuits as have not excited our own inquiries; and, on the other hand, to attach a greater degree of importance than may seem just, to those objects which we ourselves are in search of; but let us remember that every one has the power of directing his own footsteps, and of selecting that department of science which to his own judgment holds forth the most alluring temptations. Strenuous exertions in any cause must prevail, and, when applied to knowledge, cannot fail to contribute greatly to the general stock of happiness.

Among the numerous avenues to the temple of science, that delightful path which leads us to "look through nature up to Nature's God" must attract the attention of every ingenuous mind. To contemplate the ever-blooming beauties of nature must infuse into the heart an ardent desire to become acquainted with the natural productions around us, and which so essentially contribute to the comforts and conveniences of mankind. By an attention to the study of natural history, we are supplied with the necessities as well as luxuries of life; and the farther they are investigated, the greater benefits will undoubtedly accrue to society, since the simple discoveries of the naturalist have already tended far more to the immediate good of his fellow creatures, than all the interesting researches of the scholar, the sublime flights of the poet, or the sober accuracy of the historian. Man, the only inhabitant of the globe capable of appreciating the economy and harmony of the creation, was destined to

arrange and to admire the works of nature. Every thing is assigned to his direction, and rendered subservient to his use. In reviewing the natural productions around him, he can proudly say,

"For me kind nature wakes the genial shower,
Suckles each herb, and puts forth every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Man is the only animal in the vast chain of being, that can reflect upon the benevolence and goodness of Him who formed the world from an indigested chaos; he can admire and feel the Omnipotence that "caused herbs to grow for the use of man;" while the brutal creation, though next him in the system of nature, are fattened with fruits, without being able to regard the tree that produced them, or the power that supplied them. Since, then, we occupy so superior a station in the created world, it is our duty to become acquainted with the objects around us, especially as they afford the most refined delights, and are the greatest springs of useful knowledge. To whom are we to look with confidence for improvements in the actual conveniences of life, but to the investigator of the wonders of nature?

Minerals are a source of profit to the adventurous and ingenious, as well as of the greatest use in the common purposes of life. The stately column, and the splendid mansion, could never have been raised, but for the stone and marble taken from the bowels of the earth. Commerce could not be so regularly conducted without the aid of sil-

ver and gold ; while every day's experience unfolds to us the excellencies of less valuable though more useful metals. It may be said, that discoveries of the greatest importance have generally been found out by chance, and that we are not indebted to the actual researches of the naturalist for them. For instance, we know not to whom our thanks are due for the discovery of the unerring magnet, nor by what means it was detected ; but we know that if experiments, resulting from a desire of becoming acquainted with the productions of nature, had not been practised upon it, we should at this day have remained totally ignorant of its use.

The vegetable kingdom more immediately assists our animal enjoyments. Healing and nutritive plants are for the most part distinguished from poisonous and noxious weeds, by the place which they hold in the system of botany. A botanist travelling in an unknown region, and surrounded by plants quite new to him, would be able to tell the virtues of any herb he might meet with, and apply it accordingly, from the analogy which it bears to a salutary or hurtful department, and thus procure a comfortable subsistence ; while the unskilful collector might be poisoned amidst a copious selection of salubrious plants, from not being able to judge of their qualities and analogies. The fruits of the earth supply us with grateful food, afford sensual delight, and at the same time they raise our ideas to the contemplation of infinite wisdom and goodness. The fast-drooping flower, sad emblem of our short duration, gives us the comfortable assurance of "another and a better world."

" Shall I be left abandon'd to the
dust,
When fate relenting bids the flower
revive ;
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
unjust,
Bid him, tho' doom'd to perish, hope
to live ?

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The important services rendered to mankind by larger animals, are too well known to require any notice ; but much remains to be done as to the investigation of evils, caused by numerous insects, which, though small, and seemingly innoxious, carry devastation and ruin wherever they go. The remedy of this mischief can only come from the entomologist. The "close connections, nice dependencies," of the three kingdoms of nature upon each other are very apparent : plants and animals, for the most part, flourish from the nutriment afforded by the earth ; and man, in return, is nourished by plants and animals.

The objects which excite the attention of the naturalist are dispersed all over the habitable world, and act alike upon his feelings, whether he contemplates them on his native plains, or

—————" At the farthest verge
Of the green earth, in distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first
the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting
beams
Flame on th' Atlantic isles."

Such are the uses, and such the pleasures, which result from the study of Nature ; her beauties will ever afford delight, while every fresh inspection of her charms must more strongly convince us of the wisdom and power of Him who "formed, sustains, and animates the whole."

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For the Literary Magazine.

THE LESSON OF FRUGALITY.

An Anecdote.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, a venerable old Dutch gentleman, who had passed through all the offices in one of the principal towns in Holland with honour and

reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, resolved to retire for the remainder of his days to his country-seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited the young and the old of both sexes (persons of the first fashion in the place) to an entertainment at his own house. They assembled with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed platters of butter-milk, sour-crust, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with butter and rye-bread, and cans of small-beer were at hand for those who chose to drink. Trenchers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but, on account of his great age and still greater merit, they restrained their resentment, and appeared contented with their homely fare. The old gentleman, seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and, at a signal given, two clean country maids, in their rustic garb, cleared the table, and brought in the second course. The blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewter, the rye-bread to household brown, the small-beer to strong ale, and the mean food into good salted beef and boiled fish. The guests now grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste the second course, a third was served up by a *maître d'hôtel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered servants in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowered damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate, and most curious china, adorned the side-board; whilst a profusion of soups, omelettes, and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well-disposed judicious order, seemed to court the

taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company. To this were added generous burgundy, sparkling champaign, in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure in a trading country; and, that nothing might be wanting that could please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous dessert was bought in, a melodious concert of a variety of instruments of music was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth increased, and the old gentleman, seeing that nothing but the departure of him and the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up, and thus addressed his guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the favour you have done me by honouring me with your company. It is time for one of my age to withdraw; but I hope those who are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be prepared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on this entertainment, which otherwise might appear whimsical, and even foolish. It may serve to give you an idea of the source of our wealth and prosperity. By living after the penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome but plain way exemplified in the second course. But if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves you, whom he dearly loves, to speak freely, I am really afraid that the profusion which you have witnessed in the last course will, if we continue it, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brows, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow on the lesson I have given you to-day. Good night."

For the Literary Magazine.

DENMARK.

THE awful circumstances in which this kingdom is placed induce us to hope that the following brief account of that monarchy may not be unacceptable to our readers :

Denmark consists of several islands in the Baltic ; and of Jutland, Sleswick, Holstein, and Norway, upon the continent of Europe ; Iceland and the Ferrol isles, in the North sea. The following is the present state of its naval and military force :

Line of battle ships,	27
Frigates,	14
Flat bottomed boats, mounting 2 cannons,	300
Seamen,	20,000
Men in the dock-yards,	3,100

The land force of Denmark is as follows :

In Denmark and Holstein.

Infantry,	24,000
Cavalry,	6,000
Militia,	17,000
Fencibles,	11,000

In Norway.

Infantry,	14,000
Cavalry,	3,000
Militia,	13,000
Fencibles,	5,000

Grand total 95,000

The entire population of the kingdom of Denmark may be estimated at upwards of 3,300,000. Its revenue exceeds 2,000,000*l.* sterling, and the whole kingdom contains 163,041 square miles. Her troops are brave, and her seamen well skilled in nautical affairs.

Copenhagen, which is the capital, is situated in a bay or haven in the island of Zealand, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and more than 180 streets, with remarkably well built houses. Its distance

from Elsineur or the Sound is about 21 English miles. The city was founded in the 12th century, and was originally a place of resort for fishermen only. The harbour is circular, and the entrance into it from the sea is a channel or gut, the middle of which only is navigable. The water on each side is very shallow, and defended by a peculiar kind of military work called naval horns, the nature and strength of which merit a more detailed explanation. They are made of large beams, from 60 to 30 feet long, shod with iron, and put together like chevaux de frize. They are then put on flat-bottomed vessels, and sunk, three, four, and five feet below the surface of the water. In the belts, and other passages, particularly in the narrow channels, where the water has neither tide nor current, they are easily laid down and taken up. The Swedes were the first who made use of these works, and they have subsequently been adopted both at Cronstadt and Copenhagen.

Elsineur was a small village till 1446, when it was made a staple town by Eric of Pomerania, who conferred several immunities upon it. From that period it has gradually increased in size and wealth ; and is now the most commercial town in Denmark, except Copenhagen, from which it is distant two miles. It contains about 6000 inhabitants.

The passage of the Sound is guarded by the fortress of Cronberg, which is situated on the edge of a peninsular promontory, the nearest point of land to Sweden distant about three miles. It is strongly fortified towards the land by ditches, bastions, and entrenchments, and, towards the sea, by several batteries, mounted with sixty pieces of cannon, the largest forty-one pounders. Every vessel, as it passes, lowers her top-sails and pays a toll at Elsineur. It is generally asserted that this fort guards the Sound, and that all vessels must, on account of the shoalness of the

water and currents, steer so close to the batteries, as to be exposed to their fire. This, however, is a mistaken notion. On account, indeed, of the numerous and opposite currents in the Sound, the safest passage lies near the fort; but the water in any place is of sufficient depth for vessels to keep at a distance, and the largest ships can even sail close to the coast of Sweden. The kings of Sweden claimed an exemption from toll, but by a treaty in 1720, they agreed to become subject. All vessels, besides a small duty, are rated at 1½ per cent. of their cargoes, except the English, French, Danish, and Swedish, which only pay one per cent. and, in return, the crown takes the charge of light-houses, signals, &c.

The palace of Cronberg, which is in the fort, is a square Gothic building. In it was confined the unfortunate Matilda, sister to the English king. Elsinour is also remarkable for being the scene of Shakspeare's Hamlet, and there is a garden half a mile from Cronberg, which is said by tradition to be the very garden where the murder of his father was perpetrated. The garden occupies the side of the hill, and is laid out in terraces rising one above the other.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XXI.

HOWEVER high the land of our nativity may stand in our estimation, however warm our attachment to it, and the pleasures we have enjoyed in it may be, while we are permitted to reside there, we then are apt to think we fully understand the nature of that principle which attaches us to our country, and the extent and weight of its influence. We sit down calmly, and in a cool philosophical manner weigh the re-

spective merits of different countries, and the happiness we enjoy, or the misery we suffer in our own, and adjudge the superiority to the one or the other, as a sense of justice seems to direct us; but when we have experienced the vicissitudes of life, and find ourselves cast upon a foreign shore, it is then, and then only, that we feel the full force of that noble sentiment, principle, call it what you will, which we feel towards the country which gave us birth; it is then we recal with regret the recollection of those almost undefinable pleasures we have there enjoyed, the little sports of our childhood, the mansion, whether great or small, which was once our dwelling, the trees which shaded it, the school in which we were taught our earliest lessons, and a hundred other subjects of remembrance, at which the calm and frigid philosopher would laugh, and esteem as nothing, but which the man of feeling regards with peculiar satisfaction. We contrast them with the cares, the inconveniences, and anxieties which are our portion at the present moment; these then assume a more melancholy hue; or, if a portion of happiness be allotted to us in a foreign country, *that* we have once experienced in our own is supposed to outweigh it as a mountain would the dust of the balance.

But when we are banished from our native country by despotic power, or carried into captivity by a nation more powerful than our own, the remembrance of it excites sensations still more pleasing, as they relate to the one we have left, and more painful with respect to that in which we are doomed to inhabit. Lewis, in his "Exile," describes the emotions of a person thus situated. He places the hero of the poem on board the vessel which is about to convey him from Spain, viewing his native shores for the last time, and lamenting that his "banished eyes" should no more behold them, as being delighted with hearing,

"From yonder craggy point, the gale
of even
Wafting his native accents to his ear."

He describes the fisher's bliss, and laments his own calamity; gives an account of the country to which he is bound, one "where snakes and tygers breed," &c.; and then proceeds in the following animated and pathetic manner. He says, not all the distresses I am likely to suffer affect me so much

"As thus to sever,
With many a bitter sigh, dear land,
from thee;
To think that I must doat on thee
for ever;
To feel that all thy joys are torn from
me."

And again he laments his unfortunate destiny in the following words:

"Ah, me! how oft shall Fancy's
dreams in slumber
Recal my native country to my mind!
How oft regret shall bid me sadly
number
Each lost delight and dear friend left
behind."

The reader will pardon me, I trust, for quoting so considerable a part of this affecting poem, on account of its beauty. But to proceed: The relator of captain Cook's voyages says, that, while dining at a town in Kamtschatka, it is impossible to describe the emotion which was produced on their minds by seeing the stamp of London on one of the spoons they were using. They were in a distant and inhospitable clime, far from every thing on which they had placed their affections. Under such circumstances, seeing, when least expected, the name of that city which had given many of them birth, and which recalled to all the most delightful scenes of former pleasures, it is not surprising that this circumstance should excite the most tender and interesting emotions.

But nowhere is this sentiment described with more force and beauty than in the 137th psalm:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows, in the midst thereof; for there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11th,
1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANTIQUITIES OF INTERIOR AMERICA.

BESIDES those ruins in the Illinois and Wabash countries, which have often been mentioned, there are others no less remarkable, many hundred miles further west, particularly in the country about the great falls of the Mississippi. As we approach these falls, commonly called St. Anthony's, we frequently meet with pyramids of earth from thirty to seventy and even eighty feet in height. These are, most probably, the tombs of the ancient kings and chieftains of this part of America, though there are others which I am inclined to believe were erected in consequence of some signal victory, and possibly to cover the bones and carcasses of the slain. In digging horizontally into several of these pyramids a little above the base, we generally found a stratum of white substance, somewhat like moist lime, and glutinous withal, extending in all probability several yards within, or perhaps nearly the whole length of the diametrical line. I had every reason to believe this consolidated chalky substance to be the remains of skeletons buried perhaps two hundred centuries ago, and converted by time and the operations of the elements into their present state. Many tokens re-

main on both sides of the Mississippi, of their being in ancient ages as well cultivated and as thickly inhabited as the country on the Danube or the Rhine; which fully proves that the literati have been too hasty in denominating America a new world, or an *original present* to the European from the hands of rude nature.

A copper mine was opened some years since further down the Mississippi, and, to the great surprise of the labourers, a large collection of mining tools were found several fathoms below the superficies of the earth. Another person, in digging for a well, discovered a furnace of brick-work, five fathoms below the present surface; and in this furnace were found a quantity of coals and firebrands, which, for aught we know, might have been kindled in the days of Moses or Lycurgus.

Not long since, at a spot on the Ohio where the bank had been wasted by the undermining of the water, a stone dropped out, of the hardest kind of black marble, about seven pounds in weight, having twelve equal surfaces, each surface being mathematically equilateral and equiangular five-sided figures: this does not appear to be a *lusus naturæ*; but a work of exquisite art, the offspring of human ingenuity. Near the falls of the Mississippi, there is a spring in the bed of the river, which has been enclosed with stone work of unknown antiquity, to keep out the fresh water. In times of freshes, however, the river overflows the stone work, and mixes with the brine, so that it does not afford salt to the savages hereabouts until the river is considerably fallen.

In several places, circular fortifications have been discovered in the same country; these are constantly inclosed with deep ditches, and fenced with a breast work. From these, and many other similar remains of antiquity, one would be inclined to think that America has been inhabited longer than has been commonly imagined. Several tribes, on the

western side of the great river above mentioned, dated their existence for more than twenty thousand moons back, and the Indians of the western world go infinitely farther into the depths of time, though both relate many events of these distant periods that are evidently mixed with fable.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. X.

Irish Literature.

IT has often surprised me, says Arthur Browne, in his *Sketches*, that a nation like the Irish, remarkable for its valour, and whose inhabitants, even down to the peasantry, are blessed with a peculiar acuteness of mind, and a characteristic turn of wit and pleasantry, should not have filled a greater space in the eye of mankind. The reason I believe is, that their wit and talent for ridicule are employed in depreciating one another, and their valour too often exhausts itself in idleness and riot.

In Scotland, if any man becomes an author, the whole nation joins in praising and elevating him; but in Ireland, to be a writer is almost sufficient to ensure mockery; whoever takes up his pen, especially if it be in the province of belles lettres, whole tribes of satirists, like the monkeys of Africa, begin to chatter and grin at him, and employ every art to laugh him down: the consequence is, few write: the modest, who have talents, confine their display to conversation and to professional exertions, while the satirists take care to do nothing but find fault, and never venture to expose themselves to criticisms, by writing any thing.

The Irish are so accustomed to be governed by England in every thing, taste as well as politics, that

they seem absolutely afraid to give the stamp of approbation to any thing in the first instance, hesitating whether it has merit or not, until they see an English review. They long seemed unconscious of the merits of two considerable works written by sons of their own university, and hesitated to praise till the incense of fame arose to one from the literary altars of Cambridge* ; and an English judge (Blackstone) had declared the other current coin†.

Swift was a satirist exactly suited to their genius, with a power of ridicule too great not to subdue any one who laughed at him ; but I am not quite sure that if Pope had been an Irishman, he would have succeeded so well ; his pastorals might have afforded excellent food for pastime, and I am convinced Collins and Gray, and all your ode-makers, would have been laughed down, and discouraged in the infancy of their muse.

—
Modern Love.

When Phillis found she'd lost her lover,
And that no art could keep a rover,
With willows dank she bound her head,
Swift to the cypress grove she sped ;
There, stretch'd beside a brook, she lay,
To weep and sigh her soul away :
She groan'd, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
And look'd the image of Despair.
" Ah ! wretched Phil ! by love o'er-taken,
And thus by Florio forsaken——
Forsaken !—that I'll ne'er endure ;
The brook affords a speedy cure.
Since Florio loves me not, I'll die !"
She rush'd—" Soft ; what a fool am I !
To die for an inconstant swain !
P'faith, I'll live, and try again."

—

Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery ; and yet he re-

* Hamilton's Conic Sections.

† Sullivan's Lectures.

fused a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message, " If Anthony is weary of his life, tell him, there are other ways to death, besides the point of my sword." How happy had we more examples of such magnanimity !

—
The Æolian Harp.

This instrument was invented by Kircher, 1649. After having been laid by, for a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered and restored by Mr. Oswald. The lovers of pure tones and simple melody have gained more delight in this little instrument, than can be drawn from all others, however skilful be their combinations. Its sounds are as wild as the wind that blows upon it, and as mysterious as its source. There is a spell in them, which seems to entice away our very souls, and bewilder our whole frame. I can suck melancholy from it till my heart sinks. In the stillness of evening, how tenderly does it breathe forth its tones, till they faintly sink away into the most mysterious pauses, and melt and mingle with the air ! At midnight, how often have I loved to place it at my casement, and as the wild wind swept over its chords, how have I felt my spirit loosened from myself, taking flight through the heavens on its continuous vibrations ! Smollet somewhere says, that a woman in love cannot be trusted with this instrument : to a melancholy man it is equally dangerous ; for what nature can withstand that, which even charms the air, and detains the breeze, sighing and lingering on its chords

Thomson and Mason seem to have enjoyed equal delight from the Æolian harp. Thomson, in one stanza is compelled to renounce his muse, when under its charm :

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as your fancy prompts you,
touch the string,

Smit with your theme, be in your
chorus joined,
For, till you cease, my muse forgets
to sing.

In the Castle of Indolence he has
this beautiful description of it :

A certain music, never known be-
fore,
Here called the pensive melancholy
mind,
Full easily obtained. Behoves no
more
But sidelong to the gently moving
wind
To lay the well-tuned instrument re-
clined,
From which, with airy flying fingers
light,
Beyond each mortal touch, the most
refined,
The God of winds drew sounds of
deep delight,
Whence with just cause the Harp of
Æolus is hight.

Mason, in his ode to this harp,
describes its mysterious influence
with poetical nicety, as affecting us
most sweetly,

With many a warble wild, and artless
air.

Picture of a Wife.

The wise Theognis told his coun-
trymen, that that man was the rich-
est and most happy, who had found
an amiable and virtuous wife. So-
crates, however, was of a very dif-
ferent opinion. A young man once
consulted him to know, whether he
would advise him to marry or not ;
to whom Socrates thus replied :
“ Young man, which ever of the two
evils you chuse, you will most cer-
tainly have cause for repentance.
If you should prefer celibacy, you
will be solitary on the earth, you
will never enjoy the pleasures of a
parent ; with thee will perish thy
race, and a stranger will succeed to
thy property. If thou marry, expect
constant, chagrinful quarrels with-
out end. Your wife will be con-
stantly reproaching thee of the dow-

er she brought thee ; the pride of
her parents and the garrulity of her
mother will become insupportable.
The gallantries of your wife will
torment you with jealousy, and you
will have reason to doubt the father
of your reputed children. Now,
young man, divine if thou canst, and
chuse if thou darest.” This anec-
dote of Socrates I give on the au-
thority of Valerius Maximus. So-
crates was probable suffering from
the stings and arrows of outrageous
Xantippe, he was writing under the
pangs of despised love, when the
young man unfortunately went to
ask his opinion, and therefore it is
not entitled to much respect.

We agree with the wise Theog-
nis, and acknowledge, that in the
wide range of the bounties of hea-
ven, there is no gift, bestowed on
man, deserving so much thankful-
ness, as that of a good wife. But
what do you call good ? Here is the
difficulty ; this is the knot ; this the
perplexity. I cannot tell what you
and other men would like, but
know exactly what would please
such a curious kind of being as my-
self. I would never marry for mo-
ney ; for contracts of bargain and
sale in matters of matrimony were
invented by infernals for the deep
damnation of man ; they are legisla-
tions of wrong, and indentures of in-
famy. I should like well enough
that my wife might be handsome,
though this is a minor consideration ;
for real beauty is not to be found,
and I care not to be hunting for it
through city and country all the days
of my life. The mild lustre of Phos-
phor is not seen in the face of the
daughters of Eve, and where is the
being who sheds soft beams from her
eye, like those of the planet of eve-
ning ? Let her person have the form
of elegance, and the sweetness of
purity ; her dress should be full of
taste, and let her manners be those
of a gentlewoman, for country sim-
plicity is mere country awkward-
ness, and that I cannot away with.
If her ancestors were not illustrious,
I should hope that her family name
might be respectable,

Her disposition, I insist on this, must be gentle and soft, like the dew in the vallies of Languedoc, like the midnight music of romance from the battlements of Udolpho. She shall not be churlish, and peevish, and fretful, and scolding: but let her have good nature in full abundance, and kind words, looks, and smiles, plentiful and pleasant, as thick, ripe wheat in autumn. Then her mind must be cultivated. This too is essential. She must love to read; she must be able to think, and have opinions of her own. I wish that she may relish the poets of England, love the morality of Johnson, and the courtly sense of the Spectator, and that her soul may be attuned to the sweetest melody, by the wild warbling of the bard of Avon. She should read and remember the historians of Great Britain, and know what may be easily known of her own country. Lastly, and above all, she must study the bible, be a christian, and reverence her God.

—
New Mode of lending Money.

The following is extracted from the new edition of the Works of Dr. Franklin, lately published in London:

"I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum. I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining him, to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meet with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a good deal with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a *little*."

VOL. VIII. NO. L.

It has been remarked that the friend the most ardently disposed to promote the interests of his friends, but feebly adopts his passions. This is because interest is the same with every one; but the passions only exist for him who experiences them. Every one sees at a glance what a thousand a-year is worth, and can calculate what houses and furniture, what horses and carriages, it will purchase. But the charms of a mistress make but a feeble impression on him who is not enamoured with them. He thinks but lightly of the happiness of obtaining her; and, unless he is himself in love, it requires a great labour of the imagination to form an idea of the pain of losing her. The principle, therefore, of interest which inspires us resides within us. We can be made to laugh only in consequence of our cheerfulness; and vexed and irritated only from our own impatience.

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For the Literary Magazine.

ON POETRY AND GENIUS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I AM naturally an admirer of poetry, yet I do not think it necessary to attribute to it a divine origin, or suppose that it cannot be produced without something resembling preternatural inspiration. I can allow it to arise from the greatest excellency of natural disposition, or the greatest power of native genius, without exceeding the reach of what is human, or granting it any approaches to divinity, which is, I doubt, debased or dishonoured, by ascribing to it any thing that is in the compass of our action, or even comprehension. Nor can I allow poetry to be more divine in its effects than in its causes; nor any operations produced by it to be more than purely natural, or to demand any other sort of wonder than the effects of music, or of what has been called natural magic, however extraordinary any of these may have

appeared to minds little versed in the force of numbers or of sounds, or in speculations on the secret powers of nature. Whoever talked of drawing down the moon from heaven by verses or charms, it is most obvious, either believed not himself, or too superstitiously and foolishly believed what others have told him, whose simplicity, it may be, had been practised on by some artful poet, who, knowing the time when an eclipse would happen, told them that he could by the charm of his verses call down the moon at such an hour, and was by them thought to have performed it.

When I read that fine description in Virgil's eighth eclogue of all sorts of charms and fascinations by verses, by images, by knots, by numbers, by fire, by herbs employed upon occasion of a violent passion from a jealous or disappointed love, I have recourse to the strong impression of fables and of poetry, to the easy mistakes of popular opinion, to the force of imagination, to the secret virtues of several herbs, and to the power of sounds.

If the forsaken lover, in that eclogue of Virgil, had expected only from the force of her verses, or her charms, what is the burden of her song, to bring Daphnis home from the town where he was gone, and engaged in a new amour; if she had pretended only to revive an old fainting flame, or to extinguish a new one that was kindling in his breast; she might, for aught I know, have obtained her end by the power of such charms, and without other than very natural enchantments. For there is no question but true poetry may have the force to raise passions or allay them, to change or to extinguish them; to temper joy and grief; to excite love and fear; or even to turn fear into boldness, and love into indifference, and into hatred itself; and I can easily believe that the disheartened Spartans were re-animated, and recovered their lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtæus; that the cruelty and revenge of Phalaris were changed by

the odes of Stesichorus into the greatest kindness and esteem; and, that as many men were passionately enamoured by the charms of Sappho's wit and poetry as by those of beauty in Phryne or Thais. For it is not only beauty that inspires love, but love gives beauty to the object that excites it; and if the passion be strong enough, let it arise from what it may, there is always beauty enough in the person who inspires it. Nor is it any great wonder that such force should be found in poetry, since in it are assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of painting, which are all allowed to make such strong impressions upon human minds. How far men have been affected with all or any these needs little proof or testimony; the examples have been sufficiently known in Greece and in Italy, where some have fallen absolutely in love with the beauties of works of art produced by painters or statuaries, and even painters themselves have become violently enamoured with some of their own productions, and doated on them as on a mistress or fond child. To this some allusion seems to be made by the Italians, in the distinction they make of pieces done by the same hand, into those produced *con studio*, *con diligenza*, or *con amore*, of which the last are always the most excellent. But no more instances of this kind are necessary than the stories related and received by the most authentic ancient writers of the two Grecian youths, one of whom ventured his life to be locked up all night in a temple, that he might admire and embrace a statue of Venus there set up, and there designed for another kind of adoration; the other pined away and died, in consequence of being prevented from perpetually gazing on, admiring, and embracing a statue at Athens.

The powers of music are either felt or known by all men, and are allowed to act in a most extraordinary manner on the passions, and even the frame and constitution of the body; to excite joy and grief,

to give pleasure and pain, to compose disturbed thoughts, to assist and heighten devotion, and even to cure such diseases as affect the nerves, or the more subtle and delicate parts and fluids of the body. We need not have recourse to the fables of Orpheus or Amphion, or the power of their music upon beasts and fishes; it is enough that we find the charming of serpents, and the cure or assuagement of possession by an evil spirit, attributed to it in sacred writ.

As to the force of eloquence which so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions, every person must be convinced of and acknowledge it, when he considers Cæsar, the greatest man of his age, and possessed of the most powerful mind, taking his seat on the tribunal, full of hatred and revenge, and with a determined resolution to condemn Ligarius; yet by the force of Cicero's eloquence, in an oration for his defence, by degrees changing countenance, turning pale, and becoming so agitated, that some papers he held fell out of his hand, as if he had been terrified with words, who never feared an enemy in the field; till, at length, all his anger changing into clemency, he acquitted the brave criminal instead of condemning him.

Now, if the strength of these three mighty powers be united in poetry, we need not wonder that such virtues and such honours have been attributed to it, that it has been thought to be inspired, or has been called divine; and yet I think it will not be disputed that the force of wit and of reasoning, and sublimity of conceptions and expressions, may be found in poetry as well as in oratory; the life and spirit of representation or picture as much as in painting; and the force of sounds, as well as in music; and how far these natural powers together may extend, and to what effects, even such as may be mistaken for supernatural or magical, I leave to be considered by those who are inclined to such speculations, or who, by

their natural conformation and genius, are in some degree disposed to receive such impressions. For my part, I do not wonder that the famous Dr. Harvey, when he was reading Virgil, should sometimes throw the book down on the table, and say he had a devil; nor that the learned Meric Cassaubon should feel such pleasure and emotions as he describes, on reading some parts of Lucretius; that so many should shed uncontrollable tears at some tragedies of Shakspeare, and others experience the most violent agitation on reading or hearing some excellent pieces of poetry; nor that Octavia sank down in a swoon at the recital made by Virgil of the celebrated verses allusive to the death of Marcellus, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

This is, no doubt, sufficient to evince the powers of poetry, and show on what were founded those ancient opinions which ascribed it to divine inspiration, and attributed to it so great a share in the effects of sorcery or magic. But as the old romances seem to lessen the honour of true prowess and valour in their knights, by giving such a part in all their chief adventures to enchantment; so the true excellence and just esteem of poetry seem rather debased than exalted by attributing to it a preternatural origin and powers. This opinion among the northern nations grew to be so strong and so general, that about five or six hundred years ago, all the Runic poetry was condemned, and the characters in which it was written forbidden to be used, by the zeal of bishops, and even by orders and decrees of state; which has greatly injured or rather caused the irrecoverable loss of the history of those northern kingdoms, the seat of our ancestors in the western parts of Europe.

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients. This was Apollo, or the Sun, esteemed by them the god of learning in ge-

neral, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means that a certain noble and vital warmth, animating the subtler organization of the body, but especially the brain, is the true spring of these two arts or sciences. This was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men who have been so much admired in the world, and which raises such an infinite variety of images of things, so agreeable and delightful to mankind. By the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhaustible mines of invention, which have furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed, and so universally known and used, in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by labour or industry; which cannot be taught by precepts or examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of Heaven and nature; and to be as it were a fire kindled from some hidden spark in our original constitution.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrives at perfection. It is certain that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts, than this; or that to excel in any qualities there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be a universal genius, of great compass, as well as great elevation; there must be lively imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and, by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand images

and similitudes, unseen by common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the warmth of invention and activity of wit, there must be the coolness of good sense and soundness of good judgment to distinguish between things and conceptions, which, at first sight, or upon transient glances, seem alike; and to chuse among infinite productions of the imagination such as are worth preserving and cultivating, and to neglect and throw away the others. Without the force of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the aid of judgment it is wild and extravagant. The wonderful quality of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it: a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and strength; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, both astonishing and pleasing. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, and a great calmness to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both blossoms and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts, and, to succeed in the least, genius, and judgment, and application are requisite. Without the latter all the rest will prove unavailing, for no one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to any thing else.

R. S.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SALUTATIONS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

THERE is nothing a young man entering the world is more puzzled with than the forms of politeness,

the manner of addressing individuals, and the proper answers to be made upon common occasions; and there is nothing which more marks the gentleman than the ease and propriety with which he acquits himself in these punctilios. Chesterfield has given many excellent and useful directions in his admirable letter, which, for the purity of their morals, and the importance of the remarks, ought to be among the first treatises which are put into the hands of young persons. But there are many other equally important points, which his lordship has not thought fit to touch upon at all: in particular, he has given no directions respecting the manner in which a gentleman ought to take notice of his acquaintance, when he ought to deign the distant nod, and when it may be proper to give a cordial shake-hand reception. The purpose of this essay is to give a few hints upon this subject. It is necessary, however, first to premise, that there is a time to be acquainted, and a time not to be acquainted: in the whole science of salutations, there is not a more important or necessary rule than this. To the rough and unpolished inhabitants of the country, it is a very difficult lesson; and of course, when a young man comes to town, he is frequently guilty of gross mistakes in this particular: and even those about town, who are of a very sanguine temperament, are sometimes apt to forget it: this, however, in general, only happens at first, but after it has been practised a little, becomes perfectly easy and natural. At first, therefore, it ought to be acquired, and parents ought to inculcate it upon their children, amongst the earliest instructions they give them. Thus, for instance, if a gentleman's son be at school, and get fond of the son of a grocer for his amiable qualities (a mistake which may happen among children), the gentleman ought to be admonished, that although his companion may do very well in the school play-grounds,

yet he should never take notice of the like of him when he is out of them. He may not understand the injunction at the time, but when he gets into life he will see its propriety. No gentleman ought ever to take the smallest notice of his inferiors upon the street: inferiors may sometimes be of use, and a gentleman may even be occasionally under the necessity of asking a favour from some of them. When this is the case, he may (if they come plump upon him in turning a corner, or in any other situation in which he cannot possibly avoid them, or pretend not to see them) give a slight inclination of the head, or a wink, or a wave of the hand; but, if observed, he should always take the first opportunity of informing his friends, that he once met the fellow in company, but that he has no other knowledge of him whatever: this will preserve his dignity. There is a custom (and it was an admirable one, which was some time ago very fashionable among the beaux) of appearing short-sighted: this gave a person an opportunity of passing those he did not wish to notice, and furnished an excellent excuse if afterwards accused of it. There is another observation, which is absolutely necessary to be attended to, and that is, *the cut of the coat*; if it is shabby, the former rule must be observed, and the wearer must be noticed or not, as circumstances shall direct, but never if possible. There is, however, an excellent method of noticing these folks, and at the same time preserving one's dignity, an improvement of modern times (for we are always improving), and that is the salute *en militaire*, or the volunteer nod. I shall now give a few directions, to which I request the reader's particular attention; for

“Without all dispute, whate'er may
be said,
Much meaning is oft in the turn of
the head.”

And, by the bye, among ladies this is a favourite and elegant manœuvre; a toss of the head, accompanied with a turn up of the nose, is highly expressive and interesting. The sentimental shake, too, has a great deal of beauty.

Before a gentleman, however, performs in public, he ought to practise well at home. He should have a mirror, in which he may see his figure complete, and before it he should practise every shade of salutation, from the distant half wink to the broad friendly grin; and from the respectful bow to the familiar nod. I had intended in this essay to have given different angles of the different bows, and had made several important discoveries; but the mathematician to whom I gave the diagrams to be corrected, was so struck and delighted with the originality of the design, that he carried them along with him to the country, and I much doubt whether they may ever be recovered. I like digressions; but now to our subject. If a gentleman suppose that any person wishes to ask a favour of him, he should take care that his salutation be as distant as possible: a deliberate calm motion of the head will show that you have understood the other's intention, and may possibly save you the trouble of giving a refusal. Should you intend granting a favour, you may assume a little more familiarity, but still preserving the dignified air, which will show that you have not too low an opinion of the service you intend doing him: when it is done, *i. e.*, when the favour is granted, the same mode of salutation ought to be preserved; which will remind the person of the favour you have done him, in case he should appear to have forgotten it.

Suppose a great man (whom you have accidentally met at the play or an assembly), the mode of salutation should be as familiar as possible: this will give your companions a high opinion of your acquaintance.

It must also be remarked, that salutations must be varied, not only according to the person addressed, but regard must be paid to those you may be walking with. Thus, if you meet a friend rather under your own station in life, if you be alone, you may salute him with great cordiality; but if you be walking with one who is rather above it, the highest notice he can expect is a nod *en passant*, which will at once inform him of your companion's importance, and of your own.

Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

MR. B—— AND HIS DOG.

SOME little time since died, at Knightsbridge, England, B——, Esq. at the advanced age of 72, at which place he resided for upwards of twenty years previous to his death. Mr. B. was a very singular character, and, from his eccentricities, was generally thought to be a little deranged. In such opinion, however, the writer of this article can by no means concur, unless strong passions, an irritable disposition, a lively imagination, great classical learning, and an extensive reading and observation, be considered as the constituent parts of a madman. He was principally remarkable for an inordinate love of the canine species; but even this was not without some reason, as it appears he was saved from assassination, in his travels through France and Italy, by a dog. He was never, till lately, without four or five very large ones of the setter kind, all lineally descended from the very dog that saved his life. Lately, the old stock was reduced to one; and the others, in part, supplied by a small terrier, and an enormous dog of the Albany breed. They were fed and

lodged in, I may say, a sumptuous style; beef-steaks, buttered rolls, gingerbread, and pastry, were no uncommon diet for them; and, as to lodging, one or two slept in the room with himself; the others were provided with mattresses in other apartments of his house. He kept two lads to wait on them; and, at stated hours, however bad the weather, and in spite of every other consideration, he, himself, took them out for air and exercise: the last of those hours was between one and two in the morning, which necessarily kept him up almost all night. In addition to the dogs he kept, he had, as he termed them, a great many pensioners, that regularly came, some from a great distance, to be fed daily at his door; and, frequently, when he met a half-starved dog in his walks, he would take him to a confectioner's, and treat him with a shilling's-worth of tarts, or (if a hawker of dog's meat chanced to be near) to a more substantial meal of horse-flesh. When any one of his dogs died, it was placed in a kind of coffin; laid in state, for a day or two, with wax candles burning around, and Mr. B. sitting in a disconsolate mood beside it; after which, it was interred with great solemnity; on which occasion Mr. B. generally wrote an elegy, descriptive of the beauty and qualities of his departed friend, the dog; one of which, as a specimen, is subjoined. By his last will, it appears, he hath bequeathed 25l. a year to each of the dogs that were living at the time of his decease. His whole family consisted of his canine friends, the two boys already mentioned, and an old woman. He had an utter aversion to physic; would, consequently, admit of no assistance from the sons of medicine; nor suffer any person to approach him in his last moments. Notwithstanding his whole affection seemed to be settled on his dogs, and there appears an evident spirit of misanthropy in the following elegy, yet he was not devoid of feeling for the human kind, and many an indigent

and unfortunate object will have to deplore his death.

The Elegy.

Shall biped brutes and monsters shine
in verse,
And merit lack the tomb-stone and
the hearse?
Sublimest quadruped, my friend, my
Bluff,
Language were poor, nor painting
rich enough
Thy glowing tints, thy instinct to display:
Nature seem'd Art, while Art confess'd her sway!
Stately his form, and beauteous was
his face,
A full-eyed setter of the finest race;
His pendant trowsers, and his feather'd tail,
Appear'd to waft him as with silken sail.
These seem'd to lighten and increase
his pace,
Gave wings to speed, and gave to motion grace:
His striking figure fix'd each curious
eye,
Th' admiring sportsmen prais'd him
to the sky;
Commanding beauty sav'd him from
the stroke
Of savages, who torture out of joke;
The fierce assailants of the bull and bear
Nor chang'd his course, nor gave him
cause of fear!
His nerves appear'd so admirably
strung,
With all the world to be in unison.
A wire-hair'd terrier, with an eye of
fire,
Sharp and resentful, quickly prone to
ire,
Attach'd to one, hostile to all beside,
With *Bluff* liv'd quiet, sleeping side
by side.
One day, the meal was here, the female
there;
Crab would have each, and watch'd
them both with care:
Bluff yields the trencher, but lays
claim to *Blithe*;
Like anger'd cat, *Crab* doth his body
writhe:
Bluff sternly fix'd him with his fine
large eyes,
Swearing with look oblique—*Crab*
Bluff defies!

His teeth in *Bluff's* long ear a passage found ;

Bluff lifts his paw, and pins him to the ground ;

He then displays an arsenal of teeth, Which, generously, he still forbears to sheath

In *Crab's* most pervious, though undaunted heart.

Alarm'd, I fly the combatants to part. The well-known voice of master and of friend

Suspends their rage—the combat's at an end.

Crab's shagged bristly neck I quick caress ;

Bluff's richly gilt and silver'd coat I press :

The terrier silent crouches at my feet ; While *Bluff*, loquacious, tries my lips to meet.

Haughty, though mild—if accents of reproof

Through anxious fondness made him stand aloof,

Conscious he meant not ever to offend,

His piercing eyes he fasten'd on his friend,

But fawn'd not, stirr'd not, till th' extended arm,

Sure sign of peace, produc'd the wanted charm.

Upbraidings and revenge did ne'er take place,

But joy diffus'd itself through all his face ;

In various tones he then would tell his tale ;

This done, he lick'd my hand, and wagg'd his tail.

Some whims he had, congenial to all ; Or gravity, or wisdom, shall I call

His pensive mein ? it savour'd of them both,

By frolic soften'd, as one call'd it forth.

To birds of prey longevity is giv'n, And more rapacious man, who talks of heav'n :

"Whatever is right," the murd'rer cries,

Then steals your purse, and blows out both your eyes :

On this wise plan the dog's fine frame we rate

At twelve years life, then wreck'd by ruthless fate.

Bluff told scarce seven, when Death's tremendous dart,

Struck on each nerve, and anchor'd in the heart :

His master's hand with that of death's was mix'd,

His dying eyes were on his master's fix'd.

The hour of anguish, soften'd by my care,

"Yields some, though small, relief, his loss to bear."

"Hail to thy shade, my dear, my faithful dog !"

For the Literary Magazine.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RAVEN.

THE raven is a bird found in almost every region of the world ; it is scattered from the polar circle to the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar. It sometimes migrates from the coast of Barbary to the island of Teneriffe. It is found in Mexico, St. Domingo, and Canada ; and no doubt in the other parts of the continent, and in the adjacent islands. He is strong and hardy, uninfluenced by the changes of the weather, and, when other birds seem benumbed with cold, or pining with hunger, he is active and healthy, busily employed in prowling for prey, or sporting in the coldest atmosphere. He has a considerable degree of docility, and may be trained up to fowling like a hawk.

Pliny mentions one Craterus, who was noted for his skill in teaching ravens to fly at other birds, and who could make even the wild ravens follow him. Scaliger relates, that Louis, king of France (probably Louis XII), used to chase partridges with a raven that had been trained to sport ; and Albertus, according to Aldrovandus, saw one at Naples which caught partridges and pheasants, and when urged by the falcons would even fly at other ravens. When domesticated, he will become extremely tame and familiar, may be taught to fetch and carry like a

dog, and will play a variety of amusing tricks. He may be taught to speak like a parrot, and even to sing like a man. "I have," says Dr. Goldsmith, "heard a raven sing the Black Joke, with great distinctness, truth, and humour." These speaking ravens were highly valued at Rome, and Pliny has given us a somewhat curious history of one of them. This bird had been kept in the temple of Castor, and flew down into the shop of a shoemaker, who took much delight in the visits of his new acquaintance, and taught him to pronounce the names of the emperor, and other personages of the royal family. This raven would fly every morning to the rostra, and salute Tiberius, then the two Cæsars, Germanicus, and Drusus; and afterwards the Roman people, as they passed by. The shoemaker was beginning to turn rich by those who came to see this wonderful raven, when an envious neighbour, displeased at the shoemaker's success, killed the bird, and deprived the shoemaker of his future hopes of fortune. The injured shoemaker laid his case before the people, who espoused his cause, punished the man who had done him the injury, and gave the raven all the honours of a magnificent interment.

This bird, however, at least in his wild state, has always laboured under the reputation of the worst of qualities. He is accused of a most gross and indelicate voracity, which is allured by every putrid exhalation, and gratified by the foulest carrion. He is represented as the most cowardly, ignoble, and disgusting of all rapacious birds. His ordinary victims are the most feeble and innocent and defenceless animals, such as the lamb and the leveret; though he will sometimes attack with success those of larger size; for it is said he will pluck out the eyes of buffaloes, and, fixing on the back, tear off the flesh deliberately. His ferocity is the more odious since it is not incited by the cravings of hunger, but seems to arise from an innate delight in blood and carnage;

for he can subsist on fruits, seeds of all kinds, and, indeed, will eat almost any thing. This voracity has procured the raven a different treatment in different countries; for in those which are poor, or thinly peopled, he may prove burthensome and expensive; while in those which are wealthy and populous, he may be found of use to devour various kinds of filth produced in them. Hence it was, perhaps, that in England formerly, accordingly to Belon, who wrote in 1550, it was forbidden to hurt this bird; while in the small islands of Ferro and Malta a reward was given for every one that was killed.

Among the ancients, when the pretended science of augury made a part of religion, the raven, though always, no doubt from his above-mentioned habits, his gloomy colour, and his hoarse cry, accounted a bird of ill omen, was a particular object of superstitious attention. All his various motions, and every circumstance of his flight, were carefully observed and studied; and no less than sixty-four different inflections of his voice were distinguished by the priests, to each of which was assigned a determinate signification. Some, it is said, even carried their credulity and extravagant folly so far as to eat the heart and entrails of these birds, with the hope of acquiring, like them, the power of foretelling future events.

In the wild state, the raven is a very active and greedy plunderer: whether his prey be yet living or has been long dead makes no difference to him; he falls to with the same voracious appetite, and, when he has gorged himself, flies to call his fellows, that they may share in the spoil. If the carcase be already in the possession of some more powerful animal, as a wolf, a fox, or a dog, the raven sits at a little distance, content to continue a humble spectator till they have done. If in his flights he perceives no indication of carrion, and his scent, it is said, is so exquisite that he can

smell it at a vast distance, he satisfies himself with food which it is supposed he relishes less, such as fruits, insects, and whatever a dunghill may present. Buffon, however, tells us that Hebert, who was for a long course of years an attentive observer of ravens, never saw them tear or mangle dead carcasses, or even settle on them: he was therefore of opinion that they prefer insects, and especially earthworms, to every other kind of food.

The ravens build their nests on high trees, or old towers; and lay five or six eggs, of a pale green colour, marked with small brownish spots. They usually build about the beginning of March, and sometimes sooner, according as the spring is more or less advanced for the season. The female sits about twenty days, during which the male supplies her with food, of which he commonly provides a very large quantity: for the peasants sometimes find in the ravens' nests, or near them, great heaps of grain, nuts, and fruits. It has been indeed conjectured, that these hoards are collected not merely for the female during incubation, but for the support of both through the winter. Whatever may be their motives, it is certain that ravens, as well as jackdaws and other birds of the same tribe, are much addicted to hoarding and concealing, not only provisions, but other things which attract their notice, especially bits of metal, small pieces of money, or any glittering substance.

They often avoid towns, and seek unfrequented places for their nests, from the vicinity of which they drive away all other birds. They will not, according to some accounts, even permit their young to remain in the same district, but drive them from it as soon as they are able to shift for themselves. Martin, in his Description of the Western Isles, avers that there are three small islands among the number, in each of which were a pair of ravens, who drove off all other birds as soon as they made their appear-

ance, with loud cries, and great violence. According to Hebert, however, who, as was said above, made, for so long a time, so many observations on the nature and habits of ravens, these birds are particularly attentive to their young during the whole summer after they are hatched, and protract the education of their brood beyond the period when they are able to provide for themselves.

The age at which the young ravens have acquired their full growth is not determined; nor is it known how long they will live. Hesiod asserts, that a raven will live nine times as long as a man; and though this is certainly poetical fiction, it is said to be well ascertained that they will live a hundred years or more. Buffon says, "they have been known to attain to that age in several parts of France; and, in all countries and all ages, they have been reckoned as birds extremely long lived."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF VILLA VICIOSA.

AT the distance of about fifty miles from Madrid, is a little town, pleasantly situated and neatly built, but distinguished by the reproachful appellation of *Villa Viciosa*. Various reasons have been assigned for its receiving this name; and the celebrated father Feijoo, whose essays, published under the title of *Teatro Critico* (The Theatre of Criticism), reflect so much honour on himself and Spain, seldom honoured by literary productions, has written a small tract on this subject, entitled, "The Complaint and Vindication of Villa Viciosa." In this tract the town is introduced complaining of the topographers and writers of tours, for falsely depreciating its air, its water, and its soil; and seeking even in the bowels of the earth on which it stands for the cause of an opprobrious

name, with the real origin of which they appear to have been unacquainted.

In other countries, says father Feijoo, vice alone is branded with the stigma of infamy ; but in Spain the same reproach attends on whatever is esteemed meanness. Glory is the passion of the country, and a name and long line of ancestry are respected more than any laws divine or human. All errors are treated with severity, and those especially which appear disgraceful in their consequences. When, therefore, a person of noble and illustrious birth marries one who is greatly inferior to him in rank, he forfeits the esteem of all his equals, and is treated by them with the utmost contempt. That which in more liberal and enlightened countries is often an effect of prudence, and at the worst a departure from propriety, which may claim forgiveness, is there a more lasting infamy even than depriving a fellow-creature of life.

In the days when the extravagant punctilios of high birth were scrupulously attended to, and long before Cervantes had laughed them and some others out of fashion, a Spanish nobleman of the first class, whose name the author has suppressed, to avoid giving offence to his family, discovered captivating charms, and the most estimable virtues, in a person greatly his inferior. The Spaniards of those days held gallantry to be honourable, while they treated a disproportionate marriage as the worst of crimes. The nobleman attacked the fair, of whom he had become enamoured. He rode before her window ; he procured music to serenade her ; he displayed before her all the splendour of dress and equipage, which was suitable to his distinguished rank and fortune ; and invoked her in amorous songs, as the inspiring genius by whose influence he became superior in every manly and liberal exercise.

The lady was less reserved, than, perhaps, she would have been, had

her station in life been more exalted. She saw him freely, and he flattered himself that success was certain. When he poured forth all his passion, she owned that she did not view him with indifference. He was in extasies at his conquest : but it was a short-lived glory ; for when he spoke of love, she talked of marriage. Having owned her affection for him, she explained the delicate and exalted nature of it ; and when he hinted at dishonourable terms, she rejected them with a dignified disdain. He offered her immense sums ; but she told him the value of virtue was a thousand times greater. He swore eternal constancy ; but she ridiculed his vows, and answered him that there could be no truth in an engagement the foundation of which was in vice. He urged the impossibility of marriage : she told him death was easy. " If you are insincere, my lord," said she, " I ought only to despise you : yet when you leave me, my life must end ; and if you love me as you have declared, still less can I consent to live if the irremovable barrier which rank has placed between us must eternally separate me from you and your love, however ardent and sincere, except on terms which must render all my future life dishonourable and contemptible, not only in my own eyes, but, on reflection, even in yours. No : death is unavoidable, and infinitely preferable to either of these dreadful evils." Thus saying, she drew a dagger, exhibiting it as her determined resource.

The nobleman paused, for love reigned absolute in his heart ; and he cast down his eyes that he might not too evidently betray his feelings. He entreated her to desist from, at least to delay the execution of her stern purpose ; and she granted him all the time he asked. " My life and death," said she, " are yours ; and yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or hereafter, are all equal. What matters it whether I begin this week or the next to be forgotten ?"

They parted, and, in despite of custom and prejudice, the Spaniard found that his countrymen were fools; that virtue, always, and in all ranks of life, is and must be honour; and that there could be no just infamy but in forsaking one whose soul disdained the meanness of its birth, and who to the Roman spirit, which could brave death, added the christian reverence for virtue. He married her. Long he pleaded in vain with his family and friends for a pardon of what they considered as a crime; and when he found that pride had banished reason and virtue from their hearts, he retired for ever from them, and, fixing on the delightful spot where this town now stands, built the first house, the remains of which are, it is said, still to be seen.

Example can effect much, though it cannot hastily wean a whole nation from its habitual opinions and deep rooted errors. While the grave folly of the nation maintained the spirit of contempt against this innovator, any one whom love reduced to his condition, when he could not prevail on terms of infamy, consented to retire. The first erected edifice had soon its similar companions, and there arose an elegant town on the ruins of what the Spaniards call glory. It hence received the ill-merited name by which it has ever since been called; and when any person was observed to show attention to a female beneath him, it was proverbially said, "Such a one is going to settle at Villa Viciosa."

For the Literary Magazine.

ALUM WORKS.

The following is an account of a singular and extensive alum mine near Glasgow:

At Hurlett, near Glasgow, a spacious excavation remains of nearly a mile in length and breadth, and about five feet in height, in an ancient coal work, which was of

considerable extent in 1620: it consists of the vacancies left by the parts of a stratum of coals five feet thick, which have been removed, and of which there remain pillars 18 feet in diameter, to support the roof; the dip is just sufficient to keep the cavity dry, the coal is now taken up from thirty fathoms depth, and it lies at all depths from that to the surface. Just over this immense cavity, and forming its roof, lies a stratum of aluminous schistus, ten inches thick, that is found over the whole of the bed of coal, which being exposed thus to the atmospheric air, is in a gradual state of decomposition. This process is so slow that, in the long period mentioned, the whole of the ten inches thickness of the roof is in no other place gone. It flakes off by oxigenation and falls down, in which situation the oxigenation continues on the dry floor, and swells up in a fine spicular efflorescence to the height of three, four, and sometimes even the whole five feet of the excavation. A greater number than usual of the pits are left open, which occasions a circulation of the air, that much promotes the oxigenation and efflorescence. In one part of these works is found an efflorescence of sulphate of magnesia in spicula, of about a foot in length, covering a space of about 50 yards square. A bed of lime-stone lies over the schistus, about three feet thick. Among the decomposed schistus beautiful effloresced pyrites are found, and are worked with the other pyrites for copperas. The schistus, in its first stage of decomposition, is of a dirty light brown colour, and gradually becomes whiter as it advances to the last stage, in which it is a light white, or very pale greenish white mass, with much silky or fine fibrous effloresced salt interspersed. This alum work is the largest in Great Britain, and probably in the world; it is the property of Messrs. Mackintosh, Knox, & Co. The alum is equal in quality to that of Italy, and large quantities of it are now exported.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALLS OF
NIAGARA.

*Extracted from the Journal of a
Gentleman who visited them a few
years since.*

THE falls are formed by a general descent of the country between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, of about 300 feet, the slope of which is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. This general descent of the country is observable for 100 miles to the east, and above 200 miles to the west, or rather north-west of the falls.

The slope is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is lime-stone. At fort Erie, which is twenty miles above the cataract, the current is sometimes so strong, that it is impossible to cross the river in the ferry-boat. Proceeding downwards, the rapidity of the stream increases. It may, however, generally be crossed by hard rowing in a boat, opposite to the mouth of Chippewa creek. As we rode along the St. Lawrence (viz., from fort Erie, on the Canada side), we heard the sound of the falls, at the distance of ten miles. The wind was north-east, and the air clear: had it been north-west, we should have heard it at a much greater distance. In heavy weather, and with a fair wind, the sound is sometimes heard forty or fifty miles.

The rapids, or first falls, begin about half a mile above the great cataract. In one instance has a man been saved, who had been carried down to them. His canoe was overturned: he retained fast hold of it, and it very providentially fastened itself to the uppermost rock. Some people on shore, seeing this, ventured to his assistance, and saved his life, at the risk of their own.

As we approached the falls the first time, the sun was low in the west, which gave us an opportunity of viewing the beautiful rainbow, which is occasioned by the refraction of his rays on the cloud or fog

that is perpetually arising from them. We afterwards found that the whole phenomenon is never viewed to so much advantage, from the Canada side, as in a clear evening. The vast fog ascending from the grand cataract, being in constant agitation, appears like the steam of an immense boiling cauldron. In summer it moistens the neighbouring meadows, and in winter, falling upon the trees, it congeals, and produces a most beautiful crystalline appearance. The view of this fog at a distance, which, when the cause of it is known, is in itself a singular phenomenon, fills the mind with awful expectation, which, on a nearer approach, can never end in disappointment.

The first sight of the falls arrests the senses in silent admiration. Their various hues, arising from the depth, the descent, and the agitation of the water, and the reflection of the sun-beams upon them; their great height; their position between lofty rocks, and their roaring noise, altogether render them an unparalleled display of nature's grandeur. But what chiefly distinguishes them, and gives them a majesty incomparably superior to any thing of the kind in the known world, is the vast body of water which they precipitate into an immense abyss.

The St. Lawrence is one of the greatest rivers of America. It is very deep, and about 742 yards wide at the falls. The perpendicular descent there is about 140 feet, down to the level of the water below. How far the water rushes downwards, still further within the chasm underneath, is uncertain. It falls fifty-eight feet within the last half mile above the falls, which adds to the force and velocity of the cataract. The sound occasioned by the great and precipitate fall of such a vast body of water has the most grand effect that can be conceived. It far exceeds in solemnity any other sound produced by the operations of nature. It is only at the Niagara falls that the force of that figure made use of in the book of *Revela-*

tions can be fully felt: "I heard a voice as the voice of many waters." And what did that voice say? It proclaimed aloud, as if all Heaven spoke, "Hallelujah; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." This is the language that has been thundered, for ages, from the falls of Niagara.

Every hour of the day, and every change of the weather, varies the scenery of this romantic, this magnificent display of the wonders of nature, compared with which, every attempt of art to produce the sublime sinks into utter insignificance. The first day we spent there, the weather was clear. The next day it became cloudy, and rained a little. As we were desirous to enjoy the prospect before us from every possible point of view, we went down the high bank, below the cataract, into the immense chasm below, and from thence walked, or rather climbed, along the rocks so near the cataract till it appeared ready to overwhelm us.

The descent, though steep, is not dangerous. General Simcoe, the late governor of the province, caused a ladder to be fixed in the most perpendicular part of it, which is so safe, that his lady ventured to go down it. Below, the air is, in some places, strongly tainted with the smell of dead fish, which lie in great numbers on the beach. Every creature that swims down the rapids is instantly hurried to destruction. We had seen a loon a little above them, which was, unknowingly, approaching swiftly to its ruin. Even birds, which fly above them, are frequently impelled downwards by the strong current of the air, as their shattered fragments among the rocks do attest*.

When the river is low, it is easy to walk up to the foot of the falls: but, when high, one has to climb over rocks and piles of large loose stones, for near half a mile. This

* Perhaps these were the fragments of water fowl, in which case the above remark is incorrect.

last was the case when we were there. In many places, the impending masses of stone seemed ready to fall upon us.

It is known that the falls are divided into the great and lesser falls, by means of a lofty island between them. At the place of descent, we were nearly opposite to the lesser falls, the waters of which rush down in a direction nearly parallel with the beach we walked along. They are again divided into two very unequal falls, the least of which probably discharges more water than the great fall of the Rhine in Switzerland, which is the most famous water-fall in Europe.

We now approached the great fall, which discharges at least four times as much water as the two lesser ones together. It is nearly in the form of a horse-shoe. We observed below what is imperceptible above, that this fall has not throughout the same pitch. In the hollow of it, where the greatest body of water descends, the rocks seem to be considerably worn away. We cannot, however, subscribe to the opinion, that the cataract was formerly at the northern side of the slope, near the landing; and that from the great length of time, the quantity of water, and the distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about nine miles up the river, towards lake Erie.

This notion seems extravagant. The island which separates the falls is a solid rock, and so high, that the river can never have run over it. Its bank towards the falls runs in the same direction with them, and at the same time does not project beyond them, which would surely be the case, if the whole body of rocks, from which the water descends, was fast wearing away. The situation and appearance of the falls is exactly the same as described and delineated by the French artists, 160 years ago. Besides, according to the laws of motion, the principal pressure of the water here must be in the direction in which it moves, and consequently not against the

rocks it merely flows over, and where it meets with no opposition. There is less probability of the bottom wearing away here than in any other river of equal depth, where there are no such falls: for where the current is so very strong, the pressure downwards must thereby be very considerably diminished. And, for the same reason, the water being ejected far beyond the precipice, acts with little force against its edge. How then can it wear or bear it away for miles, even in the greatest length of time? If the solid stone at the falls had been carried away at so monstrous a rate as is supposed by some, it might be expected that the rapids would, in length of time, become smooth, or vary their appearance, which has not been observed to be the case.

That the perpendicular descent of such a vast body of water has produced an immense chasm below is more than probable; and that, where the greatest quantity of it falls, the surface of the rocks may, in great length of time, have become more hollow, is very credible. But it appears difficult for us to conceive, that, in any known period, an immense bed of rocks should have been so completely worn away, for nine miles, that no vestige should be left of them, and the falls exhibit, at length, their present appearance. An old Indian told us, that many years since, a grey-headed Chipewa had said to him, "the white people believe that the falls were once down at the landing. It is not true. They were always where they are now. So we have heard from our forefathers." We are led, therefore, to conclude, that the Niagara falls received their present singular position at * * * * *

It is generally supposed, because the assertion has frequently appeared in print, that it is possible to go behind the descending column of water at the falls, and to remain there in perfect safety. Conversation, it has been said, may be held there, without interruption from the noise, which is less there than at a

considerable distance. People who live near the spot have daily to contradict these fables. They have themselves been repeatedly as far as possible under the falls, and are in the habit of conducting strangers there. Their information is, therefore, to be relied on.

Under the Table-Rock (as it is called), from a part of which the water descends, there is, it is true, space sufficient to contain a great number of people, in perfect safety. But how should they get there? Were they to attempt to enter the cavity, behind the fall, the very current of the air (as the guides say), even were the stream of water not to touch them, would deprive them of life. The truth is, it is possible to go under, that is, below the falls, as we did, but not to go behind them.

The motion of the water below the cataract is, as may be supposed, extremely wild and irregular; and it remains so down to the landing. As far as the fog extends, it is impossible to judge of the state of the atmosphere with respect to heat and cold: in summer it cools it, and in winter renders it milder. The surrounding country, on the Canada side, is very delightful, affording charming stations for pleasure-grounds, from whence the falls might be viewed to advantage. On this account, as well as for the sake of trade, the land here ~~will~~, at some future period, sell for a very high price. It is at present (1798) valued at £10 an acre.

The banks around the falls are lined with white pine (*pinus strobus*) and cedar (*thuya occidentalis*).

For the Literary Magazine.

THE HONEST WOMAN.

From the French.

A MARRIED man, who had a lucrative place under government, kept a mistress. His wife, who was

young and beautiful, with concern perceived him withdraw himself from home, and treat his children with indifference ; but having found out the cause, she resolved to have a private interview with her rival. "Madam (said she to her, amongst other remarks), I am the wife of M***, your lover : seeing you possessed of so many attractions, I am almost inclined to forgive him his infidelity ; but as it is impossible for me to live happy without him, I am come to obtain your succour against yourself. All my husband's fortune proceeds from his place, which he may soon be deprived of. He has no other property to leave his children, excepting a good education ; and if the little he has amassed by a prudent economy is spent from home, his children can hope for nothing from him ; and they must, sooner or later, find themselves in indigent circumstances. With the beauty you possess, you may easily find a richer man than M***. Let me then owe to you the return of a husband I dearly love : an honest family will owe their happiness to you, and will be ever grateful for it." What answer, think you, did the financier's mistress make to his wife ? She addressed her in a jesting tone, and said, "Madam, you have charms enough to fix the heart of your husband ; but since fate will have you and I to be rivals, it is not for me to constrain your husband's inclinations." The lady retired, grievously concerned for acting as she had done, and would not mention the circumstance to her husband, for fear of incurring his anger, and making the breach wider between them : but he was told of it by his mistress with an air of insult ; and this indecent raillery failed not to open the eyes of the husband, and made him renounce from that day so imperious and insensible a mistress ; attach himself to his wife, whose conduct he admired, as well as the first sentiments with which she had inspired him ; and bestowed on his children those caresses which were their due.

For the Literary Magazine.

JULIA OF GAZUOLO.

A Tale from Bandello.

NEAR the castle of Gazuolo, in Lombardy, on the bank of the Oglio, there dwelt a young maid named Julia, daughter of a poor labouring man, who, with his wife and family, inhabited a little thatched cottage. Julia was brought up to labour in the fields, or to assist her mother in spinning and domestic employments at home ; but, notwithstanding this rude and laborious way of life, nature had bestowed upon her all the elegance of form and grace of demeanour that distinguish the most cultivated ranks in society. Her face, shaded by her little hat, received from the sun the high tinge of health, without losing the delicacy of a fair complexion. Her hands, though never idle, were soft and white. She expressed herself with a natural politeness that surprised from a peasant ; and all her actions bespoke her superior to the state in which fortune had placed her. On holidays she led the dance on the green with her rural companions, with a sprightly ease and gracefulness that fixed the eyes of all beholders ; and happy was the youth who could obtain her hand as a partner. It chanced that the chamberlain of the bishop of Mantua, the lord of the castle, was present at one of these festival balls, and was so struck with the figure of Julia dancing, that he became entirely captivated with her charms. He offered himself for her partner, and took her out again and again, scarcely being able to resign her hand for a single dance. Presently he began to talk of love to her, which discourse she received with modest humility, saying that such fine speeches were not fit for the daughter of a poor peasant. He took every occasion to repeat his addresses, and made her abundance of flattering offers and impassioned declarations, but all in vain. The

maid, perceiving his dishonest intentions, would not listen to him, but earnestly desired him to cease his importunities. The young man, more and more inflamed with desire, employed an old procuress to carry her some presents, and endeavour to mollify her heart. Julia threw the presents into the street, and threatened to inform the bishop of the old woman's conduct, if ever she should return. The chamberlain, reduced to despair, but still resolving at all hazards to gratify his ardent passion, made a confidant of a footman of the bishop's, and laid a plot to obtain with his assistance by force, what he could not gain by consent. It was the end of May, and the corn was high. Julia often went by herself to the field, and it was determined to way-lay her at a distance from home. The chamberlain first approached her alone, and seeing her alarmed, began in a gentle tone to repeat his suit. She prayed him not to molest her, and with hasty steps turned homewards. He took her by the hand, under pretence of conducting her; and as soon as they had got into the path through the corn-field, he threw his arms round her neck, and offered to kiss her. She, struggling to escape, and calling for help, was stopt by the footman who had lain concealed, and thrown down on the ground. They put a gag into her mouth to prevent her from calling out; and, in that situation, while the footman held her hands, the chamberlain brutally forced her. The tears and moans of the poor victim were so far from exciting his pity, that he repeated his abuse. He then raised her, and took the gag from her mouth, and with the most amorous expressions and promises endeavoured to pacify her. She made no other reply than to beg he would let her go home. He renewed his entreaties and soothing speeches, while she all the while wept inconsolably. At length, to put an end to his importunity, she said, "Youth, you have had your will of me, and have satisfied your

dishonest desires; let me go, I beg of you; be contented with the cruel injury you have already done me." The lover, upon this, suffered her to depart. After bitterly weeping some time longer, she put her hair and clothes in order, wiped her eyes, and went home.

When she came to her father's house, she found no one there but a little sister, about ten years of age. She went to a small trunk in which she kept her little finery, and, stripping off the cloaths she wore, dressed herself entirely in her cleanest and best apparel. She put on a white jacket and petticoat, a worked handkerchief round her neck, white silk stockings, and red shoes. She drest her hair in the most elegant manner, and put on an amber necklace. All her other things she gave to her little sister. Thus decorated as if she was going to a dance, she went out with her sister in her hand, and called at the house of an aged woman, her friend, who lay in bed sick and infirm. To this good woman she told every thing that had happened to her, concluding the sad story with saying, that after she had thus lost her honour, which was the only thing for which she wished to live, she could not think of enduring life; that never should any one point her out, and say, there is the girl that has become a wanton, and dishonoured her family; that no friend of hers should be reproached with the tale that she had consented to her ravisher's will, but that she would give a manifest proof, that although her body had been violated by force, her mind was unstained. She begged her to inform her parents of the whole transaction, and bidding her a last farewell, she went forth towards the river. The little girl followed weeping, though she knew not why. As soon as Julia arrived at the bank, she threw herself headlong into the depth of the stream. Her sister's piercing shrieks drew together a number of people, but too late. Resolved upon death, she had instantly sunk to the bottom, and never rose more.

The body was found after a long search, and was brought home amid the tears and lamentations of all the women, and even the men, of the surrounding country. The chamberlain and footman, hearing of the catastrophe, made their escape. The bishop, desirous of showing every honour to her remains, as she could not be buried in consecrated ground, had a sepulchre of bronze made for her near the place, on which a marble pillar was raised, inscribed with the fatal story.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

MR. JENNINGS, who is mentioned in the correspondence of Warton as an extraordinary character, was living three years ago, and made good his claim to the title. He might have been properly numbered in the first class of British curiosities. He resided in the parish of Chelsea, and by the singularity of his dress and the oddity of his deportment attracted considerable attention. His house was an elegant retreat, with all the materials in itself of opulent embellishment, in rare and striking abundance; but the incongruity of their combination rather excited wonder than admiration; the novelty of the exhibition was nevertheless exquisitely entertaining for half an hour.

The tables, the chairs, and the greater portion of the floor of his beloved apartment were scattered over with books, manuscripts, pictures, china, together with an accumulation of gold and silver coin, and dirt, which extended itself without interruption to every part of his arm-chair. His manners were disengaged and courteous, but he seldom conversed in the ordinary mode of dialogue. His sentences were usually brief, and rather too weighty for ordinary use; but, on happier occasions, his style became easy, copious, unaffected, and

familiar. His anecdotes of the old court, his observations in the course of his travels, and his critical remarks on the writers of the present day, were all in the highest degree interesting; but the favourite topic of Mr. Jennings was his own authorship. "As our best conceptions (he said) are ever fortuitous, and never to be depended upon if not instantly seized," he had been in the habit of writing down, for near forty years past, every idea that fancy supplied, and which memory might only imperfectly and capriciously at subsequent periods renew. On subjects of taste and the belles lettres he expatiated with great delicacy and correctness; and in pointing out the latent merits of his paintings, collected at immense expence, he discovered the nicest perception of beauty, and all the sensibility of a man of genius. Mr. Jennings seemed no less anxious to be distinguished as a philosopher; he had touched on a variety of topics with great perspicuity, freedom, and spirit; but many of his theories were whimsical and visionary, yet his morality was sound, and his conduct did honour to his morality. Several fragments of great poetical beauty and exquisite research were occasionally shown to his more intimate friends; and also a few argumentative tracts, which, though all evidently written to illustrate *his own* thoughts, were eminent proofs of intellectual vigour and ability.

Mr. Jennings' metaphysical productions were very elaborate; many of them have already appeared in print, but were never intended for general circulation. Their subjects were too abstruse to afford to the writer of this account any very luminous or distinct ideas, but they appeared to be valuable proofs of superior intelligence, and of great depth of reflection. When he spoke of the present vividness of certain mental impressions independent of foreign agency, as during sleep, he expressed his thorough and animated belief that the faculty of consciousness and recollection under

certain modifications would be extended to spirit, and perpetuated by the wisdom and goodness of God through every progressive stage of future existence. Several essays on painting, sculpture, and music, bore the marks of a masterly hand.

Mr. Jennings had rendered the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, of Dante into very elegant, spirited, and classical English. His account of the stage, as it existed in his youth, was extremely amusing. The comparative merits of rival candidates for dramatic fame were treated with great critical skill, but produced no very splendid eulogium in favour of the theatrical performers of the present day. Mrs. Siddons he complimented judiciously, but by no means enthusiastically. He complained of the fashionable *whine* of all the modern tragedians, and the contagious shake of the head, that was utterly destructive of true dignity and grace. Of lord Orford, as an antiquarian, he spoke contemptuously. His pictures of Dr. Johnson were executed with infinite spirit; they differed materially from those already in our possession, but of their truth of colouring we could not doubt. All that remains to be said of this extraordinary personage is, that it was his express desire that his body after his decease should be burned.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN.

THE following letter from a respectable merchant in Copenhagen exhibits a melancholy picture of the consequences of the late bombardment of that city by the British, which will be read with a lively interest by every feeling mind. The peculiar situation of this unfortunate country renders this statement doubly interesting to Americans, and has induced us to preserve it in this miscellany.

Copenhagen, Sept. 9, 1807.

GENTLEMEN,

Circumstanced as at present, without books or papers to refer to, I must claim your indulgence for waving the subject of business, and confining the views of my present respects solely to the communication of myself and family being in existence, unhurt, and yet in health; likewise the cursory detail of those incidents that succeeded the date of my last address. If my memory be not affected, I think I advised you of the appearance of the fleet, army, &c., in our roads. I shall not now follow the occurrences in succession, but observe, that for ten days they continued to experience the most friendly hospitality from the inhabitants, as well as aid in victualling and providing of their shipping, &c.; both at Elsineur and here, without the smallest jealousy or suspicion of intended hostility.

At the expiration of that time, Mr. Jackson suddenly appeared in this city with the modest demand of our navy as a deposit against French intrigue and influence, to be restored at the period of a general peace. The demand was peremptorily refused by the junior Bernstoff, deputed to sit here in the absence of the prince royal, and the older minister, Bernstoff. The audience and discussion at the end of this demand lasted but an hour, when Mr. Jackson took leave and refuge on board the fleet. The second morning after, the town was in a convulsed state, from the well authenticated report of twenty thousand troops having landed, at about the distance of six English miles. Such was the confidence of this government, in the characteristic honour of yours, that the necessity for preparatory opposition was wholly overlooked until this latter event was fully proved and established. In this state of affairs, and being without any regular troops, the defence of the city was left to about six thousand militia, the burghers, students, &c., all of whom exerted themselves

day and night in fortifying the ramparts round the city, and making every necessary preparation for defending the honour of their king and country.

In this occupation they were employed, I believe, twelve days incessantly, when a flag of truce appeared for the governor, Peyman, with a demand similar to Mr. Jackson's, that met the same fate. This brought forward, the day following, a proclamation from Gambier and Cathcart, explaining the circumstances that impelled the king, their master, to adopt the measures which menaced the refusal of their demand through Mr. Jackson, and wishing to impress the ideas of *friendly intention* towards the government, in case it would yield to the object of their expedition. This proclamation brought forward frequent interchanges of flags and estafetts, that eventually terminated in the surrender of the town being demanded, with this addition, that, if refused, the bombardment would on the following day commence.

For many nights previous to this, several skirmishes took place between the enemy and a corps of volunteers, composed of youths from the different respectable families of the city, whose active ardour and spirit merited a better fate than eventually awaited them, as upwards of 80, besides double the number desperately wounded, fell in the detached conflicts.

Intended hostilities being now announced, it was time to provide lastly for the women and children. Having of this description 16 in number under my protection, I was constrained to appoint a cellar 16 feet square, as the only place of refuge or seeming safety. In this we remained from Wednesday the 2d of September until the Sunday following (God be praised), unhurt, notwithstanding the front of my house, the offices, with every window-frame and glass being hurt and destroyed by the showers of shot that struck and burst around me.

The operations of the first night

having ended, a flag was sent in, but indignantly dismissed.

On Friday, after Thursday night's hostilities, a second appeared but was refused; the consequence was observed in the determined resolution of the enemy to exert their every power on Friday night, in reducing the city to ashes. About ten o'clock of that night, two of the principal churches were assailed by shells and rockets; these took fire, and, notwithstanding the continued exertions and persevering activity of the firemen and engines, communicated to, and totally destroyed, upwards of 430 large and commodious newly erected houses, two churches, rendered more than 800 houses unfit for winter-dwelling, and left, after cursory examination, scarcely 160 houses without more or less injury. The loss of inhabitants cannot be yet ascertained, but from the many missing whom I have individually known, I fear it is great indeed.

The governor, burghers, &c., now saw the impossibility of further resistance, and capitulated on Saturday, with the delivery of the citadel, the two arsenals, and the whole of the fleet; further as to particulars I am not able to go, therefore will cease with hostilities, and endeavour to impress you with the idea of effects.

Besides the houses consumed and damaged in the city, the governor ordered those of the leading avenues and suburbs to be burnt; of these it is supposed 380 were levelled, so that, on the whole, at the present moment, it is supposed that nearly 10,000 people of various descriptions are and will be exposed to every inclemency of weather, present and approaching, without the possibility of being provided for at this late season, having lost every chance of repairs by the loss of the various deposits of public and private timber, that would otherwise assist in affording temporary shelter.

Take this, my dear friends into consideration: were you but half an hour witnesses of what I have yesterday and this day beheld, I am

satisfied you would be more affected than if I were days employed in detailing the existing miseries and distresses, and, here without the prospect of even temporary alleviation, so generally are they felt and distributed. Let me conjure you therefore as friends, as men divested of those principles that now appear to be adopted by your government, to come forward, arrest the attentions and considerations of the humane and charitable publicly and privately, in behalf of thousands who have fallen victims to the most wanton instance of unprovoked aggression at this day on record. Where is the boasted national character? Henceforth lie still anti-jacobins, Mallet du Pan, flowery preachers, orators, and pamphleteers, for now your labours are in vain, and become vague and futile. The drum beats for a war of extermination; piracy and plunder are now the order of the day.

Forgive me, gentlemen, if any personal feelings urge me thus harshly to anticipate the future result of late operations here; but, in the mean time, pardon my once more calling your attention to the numerous crowds of widows, aged, and orphans, that now look up to the benevolent and charitable, and imploring your individual exertions in behalf of their wretchedness and sufferings. Were it possible for only ten gentlemen who daily meet at Lloyd's to take a moment's glance into my house, offices, and cellars, alone, I am confident the object of my solicitations would be accomplished. Yours, &c.

N. B. I have scrawled this over in a state of mind not the most enviable, and at a hazard when or how it is to be conveyed.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. THOMAS DOBSON, of this city, has issued proposals for pub-

lishing, by subscription, a New Translation of the Sacred Scriptures. The Old Testament from the Greek of the Septuagint; and the New Testament from the most correct Greek Text; with occasional notes. By Charles Thomson, Esq., late secretary to the congress of the United States.

—
Kimber, Conrad, & Co. intend shortly to publish, from the second London edition, enlarged and improved, Accum's Chemistry, in 2 vols., 8vo., with plates; price, neatly bound and lettered, five dollars.

—
C. & A. Conrad & Co. have lately published the first volume of the American Register, or General Repository of History, Politics, and Science, for 1806—7.

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By a report of adjutant-general Hunt, lately laid before the assembly of New Jersey, it appears that the militia of that state amounts to 33,360 men.

—
Mr. Kellogg, of New Marlborough, has invented a shearing machine, which promises to be very useful, not only to clothiers, but in promoting the woollen manufacture in this country. The machine is worked either by water or hand, and is said to shear cloth, by a moderate movement, at a rate of two yards per minute.

—
The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has received an important aid in the loan of sixteen pictures for the term of one year; those works, the property of Robert Fulton, are in the most exquisite style of painting, and are now exhibited at the academy, where public curiosity and a fine taste may be gratified.

The first picture, thirteen feet long by ten high the figures as large

as the life, is painted by our immortal countryman, West. It represents King Lear in the storm, and at the entrance of the hovel. This work is in the most heroic and poetic style of composition: the grandeur which is displayed in the figure of the grey-headed old man; his distress, approaching to madness, contrasted with the calmness and kind attentions of his friends, Gloucester and Kent; the silly indifference of the fool, and the sullen melancholy of mad Tom, are admirably conceived; the drawing and drapery of this picture has never been surpassed by any artist; the colouring is very fine; the *clair obscure* well observed; the burst of lightning and glare of torch light through the storm of rain and gloom of night produce an effect, a *tout ensemble*, which cannot be described, and must be seen to be sensibly felt and understood.

The companion to this picture is of the same size, and is also painted by Mr. West. It is taken from a scene in Hamlet, representing Ophelia before the king and queen, who, seated on the throne, appear struck with conscious guilt; the beautiful Ophelia is one of the most elegant figures we have ever seen: she is robed in white; her flaxen locks hang in loose disorder over her forehead, and down to her waist; with her left hand extended, she carelessly strews around her the *rue* and *thyme*, while her eyes exhibit a wandering of mind and a delirious indecision. Yet she is mild and gentle; rage makes no part of her character: in her we contemplate the most beautiful and interesting of her sex, whose sensibility has bereaved an elegant mind of reason; and we feel inclined to sympathize in all her sorrows.

In these works, the Lear possesses the boldness, grandeur, and dignity of a mind accustomed to command, &c. The Ophelia has all the softness and delicacy of execution which is necessary to the female character.

These two paintings are in the

true style of classic composition, and, while they excite the highest respect for the talents of the artist, they reflect great honour on the genius of our country: they are of themselves a basis for forming a good taste in our new school of art.

The third picture is painted by Mr. West's eldest son, Raphael, and is the only one which he ever executed of the size. It is from the play *As You Like it*, representing Orlando and Oliver in the forest. This picture has something very original: it approaches to the style of Salvator Rosa, is well imagined, finely drawn, and boldly executed. On examining it we have to lament that the world is not in possession of more of the works of this gentleman, for his genius is certainly of the highest order.

The next are the Columbiad paintings, eleven in number, taken from different scenes in that elegant and patriotic poem of Joel Barlow, lately published in this city. They are each thirteen and a half inches long by ten and a half inches wide, painted by Smirke, and in a style of delicacy and high finish which has not been seen in this country: the compositions are sublime and poetic, the colouring rich, the tonings warm and harmonious. These works, relating chiefly to the history of our country, are extremely interesting, and may be considered as gems in the art.

Added to these is a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. West in one picture, painted by Mr. West. Also, a portrait of Mr. Fulton, painted by Mr. West. They are executed in a masterly style.

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds, by Pynaker, is a most charming work for effect and transparency.

The Troubadour playing on the violin, by Skalkin, is good.

The Slaughtered Bullock, by Ostade, a very curious piece of still life.

The Flemish Boors, by Brower.

Portrait of an Old Man, by Ravintine, curious for its high finish.

Adam and Eve, and the Death of Abel. is by an Italian artist, whose name we cannot announce at present.

The Earl of Stanhope, and a portrait of Joel Barlow, Esq., by Robert Fulton, Esq.

In addition to the above, are a number of fine paintings, belonging to Mr. Lichleightner, and on sale.

It is with pleasure we announce, that the monument to be erected to the memory of the officers of the navy, who fell during the different attacks made by our squadron on the city of Tripoli, in 1804, has arrived at Boston, in the United States frigate Constitution, and that it will shortly be landed at the navy yard at Washington.

The expence of this beautiful piece of sculpture, which, for grandeur of design, elegance of execution and size, far excels any thing of the kind ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, has been defrayed out of the slender means of the officers of the navy.

We understand that the manager, captain David Porter, intends, in behalf of his brother officers to present it to the city of Washington, only reserving to himself the privilege of choosing the spot where it is to stand, and that Mr. Latrobe has generously offered his services in putting it up.

To convey some idea of this monument, we subjoin a short though imperfect description.

Its base is 16 feet square, and its height 23 feet. It is composed of the purest white marble of Carrara, with ornaments and inscriptions of gilt bronze. The pedestal is highly ornamented with inscriptions, representative of the actions, trophies of war, &c., in bas relief, and supports a rostral column, surmounted by the arms of the United States. Fame, standing on one side of the pedestal, with the palm and laurel, crowns an urn, which bears this inscription :

*Hic Decoræ Functorum in bello
Viroorum Cineres.*

History, seated at the base, looking back, recording these events. Mercury, the genius of commerce, lamenting the death of his protectors. A female Indian representing America with two children bearing the fasces explaining to them the events, and four large bronze lamps representing the flame of immortality.

On the pedestal appears the following inscription in letters of gilt bronze :

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
of captain Richard Somers, Lieutenants James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel, and midshipmen John H. Dorsey,
Who fell in the different attacks that were made on the city of Tripoli, in the year of our Lord, 1804, and in the XXVIII year of the independence of the United States.

A flame of glory inspired them,
And Fame has crowned their deeds.

History records the events; the children of Columbia admire, and Commerce laments their fall.

As a small tribute of respect to their memory, and admiration of their valour, so worthy of imitation, their brother officers have erected this monument.

The monument has been imported in fifty-one large cases, and weighs above fifteen tons. The figures are as large as life, and the whole will cost above 3000 dollars, which is to be raised at the following rates of subscription: commanders \$20, wards room officers \$10, and officers of the rank of midshipmen, &c., \$5. The subscription, we understand, is nearly completed; and, from the known spirit and generosity of our officers, we are confident it will soon be closed.

The culture of carrots in this country has been but little in practice; but by those who have made the experiment, they are found to contain more nutriment than either

potatoes or turnips, and may be cultivated in far greater abundance, upon the same space of ground. It is said, and by good authority, that *nine hundred and sixty bushels** have been raised upon one acre.

They make a good table sauce; but the greatest object in cultivating them is for the use of feeding and fattening swine, horses, and cattle. They are so easily cultivated, and so hardy, that they may be raised in fields to great advantage. They will grow well in a soil that is but moderately rich, if it be ploughed deep and made mellow. Owing to the form of the root of this plant, and their penetrating so deep into the earth, it is but rarely injured by droughts, that cause other vegetation to droop, and many kinds to die.

The ground should be ploughed in the fall preceding, and ploughed very deep: it must be well harrowed before sowing, first with a heavy harrow, and afterwards with a lighter one. After the seed is sown, the ground should be raked, otherwise, the seed being so light, and of a forked form, if it be harrowed, it will be too much collected.

The last week in April is the proper time for sowing, but later will answer. I have known good crops raised, that were sown as late as the middle of June. The earlier they are sown, the larger they will grow; but they are not so good for table use as those which are sown later. There will be no danger in thinning them early, as they are a plant that are seldom diminished by insects.

The European farmers make a practice of harrowing them after they have grown to some bigness. It is said that not one in fifty will be destroyed by the operation; it will loosen the soil, and greatly forward their growth. But it will be advisable to go among them after harrowing, and uncover those which

* This, however, is a very extraordinary produce, and not such as is often to be expected.

are buried under heaps of mould.

It will be found, by those who will try the experiment of raising carrots, to be a great improvement in our present system of agriculture.

A new method of curing convulsions has been practised in the hospitals of Germany, with great success. It was first resorted to by the late M. Stutz, a physician of eminence in Suabia, and he was led to this important discovery from the analogy of a simple fact. M. Humboldt had announced in his work upon the nerves, that on treating the nervous fibre alternately with opium and carbonate of pot-ash, he made it pass five or six times from the highest degree of inatibility, to a state of perfect asthenia.

The method of M. Stutz, who has been employed with the greatest success in the German hospitals, consisted in one alternate internal application of opium and carbonate of pot-ash. It has been seen that when thirty-six grains of opium, administered within the space of twenty-four hours, produced no effect, the patient was considerably relieved by ten grains more of opium, employed after giving the alkaline solution. This new treatment of tetanus is worthy of attention.

Some time ago, a piece of ground at Allonby, in Cumberland, was sold, by public auction, at the rate of 4641*l.* per acre, and the situation possesses no superior advantages whatever.

The Russian sloop of war *Diana*, captain Golivin, arrived at Spit-head, on the 29th of September, from St. Petersburg, fitted for a voyage of discoveries in the Northern Pacific Ocean. She is to touch at the Brazils, from whence she will proceed, round Cape Horn, to the sea of Kamschatka. The

object is to explore that coast and sea more to the southward than the great Cook went: where the Russians have lately established several ports.

Mr. Robertson, in a late communication made to the London Royal Society, has related a remarkable circumstance in the history of the variation of the compass. Since 1660, the compass has not varied at Jamaica. It is now what it was in the time of Halley, $6\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east. Of the grants, a map was given upon a magnetic meridian, and the direction of the magnetic meridian remains the same. Since the original grants, new maps upon new scales have been constructed, and all of them are found to agree with the first maps in the direction of the magnetic meridian. The districts were formerly by the cardinal points, and, examined by compass, the lines are found the same. Such well attested facts discover to us how little is truly known of the science of magnetism. And as very much depends upon a full knowledge of the variation, the variation is recommended to every friend of useful discovery.

Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge, has lately communicated, from a Madrid gazette, an account of the return of Dr. Balmis to Spain, after a voyage to communicate the vaccination to the Spanish territories. He sailed from Corunna the 30th of November, 1803, and was with his Spanish majesty on the 7th of September last. He passed to the Canary islands, and then the company divided, part going to the Spanish continent of America, and part to the American islands. From America the discovery was made in Asia. From Acapulco, Dr. Balmis passed to the Philippine islands, and from the Asiatic islands to Canton. He has now returned to Spain, with every testimony that in this work of humanity he has disco-

vered just zeal, and has been crowned with uncommon success. We are happy to find also, that the emperor of Russia has assisted the vaccination over his vast dominions, and that it has been widely diffused in Siberia.

Garnerin has made a new and beautiful use of the balloon at Paris. He mounted from the gardens of Tivoli, at night, in a balloon illuminated with 120 lamps. He mounted from the gardens at 11 o'clock on a very dark night, under Russian colours, as a sign of peace. When floating high in the air, above the multitude of admiring spectators, a flight of sky rockets was discharged at him, which, he says, broke into sparks, hardly rising to his vision from the earth; and Paris, with all its blaze of reflecting lamps, appeared to him but like a spot: like the Pleiades, for instance, to the naked eye. He gained an elevation, he says, of 3000 toises, and speaks with enthusiasm of his seeing the sun rise at that height. After a flight of seven hours and a half, he descended near Rheims, 45 leagues from Paris.

On the 13th of March last, in the afternoon, the inhabitants of St. Petersburg were alarmed by an uncommonly loud clap of thunder. At the moment of this explosion, two peasants belonging to the village of Peremeschajew, in the canton of Wereja, being out in the fields, perceived, at the distance of forty paces, a black stone of considerable magnitude falling to the earth, which it penetrated to a considerable depth beneath the snow. It was dug up, and found to be of an oblong square figure, of a black colour, resembling cast iron, very smooth throughout, resembling a coffin on one side, and weighing about 160 pounds. This meteoric stone was sent by the governor of the province to the minister of the interior, count Kouchobei, by whom it

has been transmitted, for examination, to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

obtained a royal patent, that entitles him to the sole fabrication of that article for three years.

A German author, who has lately published some statistical observations respecting the state of Europe, says, that Europe contains 171,396 square German miles, of which France either governs directly or protects 38,893; that it contains 182,599,000 inhabitants, of which 37,050,000 obey France, or enter into its federal system; that there are in Europe 2,549,836 soldiers, of which France can put 854,800 in movement. The total revenues of Europe he estimates at 1,173,750,000 florins, of which France receives about 700,000,000 of livres.

The supreme court of justice at Copenhagen lately laid before the king an account of all criminals in the Danish dominions (including Iceland and the Indian colonies), on whom sentence has been passed in the year 1806: in which it is stated that 205 criminals, 18 of whom were foreigners, were in that year sentenced to corporal punishment, 5 for murder, 8 for other capital crimes, 7 for forgery, the rest for inferior offences, and that the number of criminals bears a proportion to the whole population of the kingdom and colonies as one to ten thousand.

Huntingdon, Penn., November 12.

Thursday last was the most remarkable dark day that has ever been witnessed by the citizens of this place. The darkness occasioned by the eclipse of the sun in June, 1806, was nothing in comparison to that of Thursday. The court, which was then sitting, tavern-keepers, and many private families, were obliged to light candles at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and keep them burning for nearly two hours; the fowls went to roost, and every thing had the complete appearance of night. Indeed, it was the opinion of some, that the court ought to have suspended "the business of the country;" as there was every appearance of a sudden termination of earthly affairs, and that they, as well as all others, would soon have to appear before a higher tribunal. The morning had been foggy, and the atmosphere extremely cloudy, but whether that could have occasioned the total darkness at noon, we cannot pretend to say.

Dr. Thornton, says an English print, has laid before the public two new cases, in which the oxygen gas has performed striking cures in asthma: the subject of one of these was a Mr. Williams, who had been afflicted in the most alarming manner for several years, but who, by inhaling the oxygen gas, aided with tonic medicines, was perfectly cured in two weeks. Mr. Williams has been free from asthma upwards of two years since the experiment, which he ascribes entirely to the pneumatic medicine.

A Swedish naturalist has discovered the smallest animal of the order of mammalia that has yet been seen; he calls this animal *sorex ciniculatus*: it is a kind of earth mouse.

At a Mr. Anderson's, Causeway-side near Edinburgh, a hen has hatched 12 birds. What is extraordinary, one of them has *four legs*, and is doing very well.

A furrier of Copenhagen has invented a method of making black hats of seal-skin, for which he has

About eleven years ago, a large vessel called the Earl of Derby, of

Liverpool, was wrecked near Fraserburgh. The wreck was purchased by a gentleman soon after, but before he could remove any considerable part of her cargo, which was bar iron, the vessel was buried under such an extraordinary depth of sand, as to have been effectually shut up ever since. By a strange revolution in nature, the sand has within these few weeks disappeared, and left the vessel in such a situation that she has been buoyed up, floated off, and taken ashore.

A curious experiment has been tried, and succeeded in old Aberdeen. Some time ago a gentleman removed the nest of a bullfinch, with four eggs in it, from a hedge, and placed it in a cage in his room, where he kept a cock and hen canary. The hen immediately placed herself on the eggs, and continued to sit until she had brought out the birds. The cock supplied his mate with food during the incubation, and

is now equally attentive in feeding the young.

Parpoutier, a celebrated chemist, has discovered a new species of utility, besides the nutritive powers, in the potatoe, and his discovery has been proved in England by stucco plasterers. From the starch of potatoes, quite fresh, and washed but once, a fine size, by mixture with chalk, has been made, and in a variety of instances successfully used, particularly for ceilings. This species of size has no smell; while animal size, putrifying so readily, uniformly exhales a most disagreeable and unwholesome odour; the size of potatoes being very little subject to putrefaction, appears from experience to prove more durable in tenacity and whiteness, and for white-washing should always be preferred to animal size, the decomposition of which always exhibits proofs of the infectious effluvia.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

HERBERT AND LUCY; A PATHETIC STORY.

Founded on fact.

YOUNG Herbert lov'd, with heart sincere,

A beauteous Cornish lass he woo'd;
He gain'd the heart of Lucy dear,
A heart with kindest love endued.

In wedlock join'd, this happy pair
Spent some short months of peaceful joy;

Unhurt by strife, unknown to care,
Their lives pass'd on without alloy.

Down in a mine's recesses damp,
Young Herbert's interests often led;

Their light alone a torch or lamp,
A tread of horror and of dread.

But Lucy cheered his noon's repast,
At eve she met him with a smile;
Each day seem'd happier than the last,
Their hearts were light and free
from guile.

Oh, that my tale might finish here!
Oh, that my pen might fail to trace
The gloomy woe that hovered near,
And snatched them both from Joy's
embrace!

By fate marked out, one hapless day,
His peaceful home young Herbert
left;

His heart was happy, easy, gay,
Alas! 'twas soon of life bereft.

He came no more to meet his bride !
 A widow now she's doom'd to pine !
 By suffocation Herbert died,
 Within the damp pestif'rous mine.

At eve poor Lucy fondly thought
 To welcome home her Herbert
 dear ;
 Alas ! his corse alone was brought,
 Stretched out in death upon the bier !

Now Lucy, wild with heart-felt pain,
 In shrieks and screams soon spent
 her breath ;
 She clasp'd her Herbert's form in vain ;
 In vain she pray'd to heav'n for
 death !

She sadly mourn'd, and wept aloud,
 Day after day, his corse beside ;
 To Heaven's high will she humbly
 bow'd,
 Yet wish'd with Herbert she had
 died.

"But since, Omniscient Power !" she
 pray'd,
 "Thy mercy spares me from the
 grave,
 Oh, grant me fortitude !" she said,
 "That I the storm of life may
 brave."

The day of burial quickly came,
 The neighbours join'd the mournful
 throng :
 For Herbert bore a virtuous name ;
 They lov'd him well ; they lov'd him
 long.

The sable train mov'd slowly on,
 Their eyes were dim, were wet
 with tears ;
 And Lucy, all her comfort gone,
 Past lingering on, o'erwhelm'd with
 fears.

Full soon they reach'd the hallow'd
 fane :
 The priest poor Herbert's body
 blest.
 He pray'd, and sure 'twas not in vain,
 His soul might find eternal rest.

"Ashes to ashes" now he said ;
 The earth on Herbert's coffin fell :
 Fond Lucy saw ; she shriek'd for aid,
 And fainting heard his passing
 knell !

The friends of Herbert bore her home ;
 For days and weeks her senses fled.
 Return'd once more, at Herbert's
 tomb
 She wept, and mourn'd her husband
 dead.

A mournful year had pass'd away,
 Her widow'd form with grief was
 worn ;
 She rued the dire unhappy day
 When Herbert from her arms was
 torn.

The sorrow keen she felt at first
 Had gently sunk to deep regret ;
 She hop'd she now had seen the worst ;
 She hop'd she might be happy yet.

Her heart at ease, her mind at rest,
 She felt a peace before unknown ;
 Her form once more with health was
 blest ;
 Her charms with tenfold lustre
 shone.

Alas ! ye flattering visions vain !
 Alas ! how weak are health and
 charms !
 Too oft ye prove a female's bane,
 And lure some wretch within her
 arms !

This fate poor Lucy's doom'd to prove :
 A wretch address'd her widow'd
 heart ;
 He swore eternal faithful love ;
 He swore from her he ne'er could
 part.

He press'd his suit ; her heart he won ;
 He prais'd the holy marriage state.
 "A month, my love, shall make us one ;
 Together join'd, we'll smile at fate."

Alas, that man will thus deceive !
 No Herbert this who now address'd,
 But one who, smiling, would not
 grieve
 To plunge a dagger in her breast.

In truth, he did far worse than this ;
 A moment's weakness Lucy knew ;
 She lost her virtue, lost her bliss,
 Then from her arms the villain flew.

Seduction was his only aim :
 Alas ! two well he aim'd the dart !
 He plunder'd virtue's dearest name ;
 He prob'd a gentle, tender heart.

Unfeeling, callous, harden'd man !
Thus to pursue thy hated end ;
Thus to complete thy horrid plan,
And leave her lost, without a friend.

No mother, sister, sure thou hast,
Or else a pang you must have known,
More keen than if the lightning's blast
Had dash'd you lifeless on yon stone.

Poor Lucy now for ever lost
The peace which blest her happier
state ;

A rose-bud nipp'd by cruel frost
Will emblem well her hapless fate.

But still each neighbour strove to lend
Their warmest aid to ease her pain ;
But keenest woe her spirits rend,
And all their efforts prov'd in vain.

In vain they search'd, the wretch to
find,
Whose breast soft pity never knew ;
Whose heart ne'er felt a joy refin'd,
But still from guilt its pleasure drew.

Yet sure, when sickness racks his
frame,
Or wintry age steals o'er his head ;
With deepest sorrow, foulest shame,
He'll think on Lucy's fate with
dread.

Three tedious months she spent in
grief,
Her lone companion dumb Despair,
Her mind was torn beyond relief,
For Fate had fix'd his empire there.

This time elaps'd ere Lucy found
That pregnancy increas'd her woes ;
Alas ! this truth her senses bound,
And Reason's power for ever froze.

She rav'd on Herbert's hapless fate ;
And oft she rambled, wan and pale,
Till midnight's hour proclaim'd it late,
With hair unbound that met the
gale.

And still, as Luna chang'd her form,
Her dire disorder rag'd more fierce ;
With bosom bare she'd face the storm,
When angry winds intensely pierce.

One fatal morn, ere Sol uprose,
Her home she left with ghastly
stare :

This time of stillness she had chose,
To end her life, to end her care.

Impell'd by madness and despair,
She onward rush'd, with wild af-
fright ;
And fled where, nodding high in air,
Hangs dire Marazion's rocky height.

Beneath this rock tremendous lay,
In wide expanse, the glitt'ring sea ;
Sparkling with Sol's majestic ray,
A sight, poor Lucy, lost on thee.

To you all nature cheerless seems :
The morning sun imparts no joy ;
At eve his glorious setting beams
Doth ne'er thy wilder'd thoughts
employ.

Profoundest silence reign'd around !
No noise was heard, save Ocean's
roar ;
Where the loud murm'ring surges'
sound
Incessant lash'd the pebbly shore.

Now Lucy, madd'ning with her woe,
In frantic rage her garments tore !
She wildly view'd the sea below,
Then headlong plung'd to rise no
more.

Her beauteous form the waves re-
ceiv'd ;
With murmurs soft they gently rose,
And seem'd as though for her they
griev'd,
Who now had ended all her woes !

The morn advanc'd, the day was come,
The neighbours miss'd their maniac
friend ;
Some search'd her gloomy, vacant
home,
Some tow'rs the shore their foot-
steps bend.

Along the wave-worn beach they past,
Some time their wand'ring search
was vain ;
Poor Lucy's corse they saw at last,
Where loose it floated on the main.

Each wave, as rose the swelling tide,
Heav'd the fair form towards the
shore ;
" Alas ! unhappy friend ! " they cried,
" Alas ! our Lucy is no more ! "

Their hearts were mov'd at this sad
sight ;
They wept for her who thus was lost ;

For her whose charms, so gay and
bright,
Were dimm'd by Death's untimely
frost.

Her corse with pious care was borne,
And plac'd within the lonely cot,
Where Herbert's faithful love was
sworn;
'Twas then a peaceful, happy spot.

With Retrospection's pleasing glance
We there beheld content and bliss;
In joy then flew Life's early dance,
An alter'd scene, alas, was this.

"The dismal bell toll'd out for death,"
In solemn tones it call'd her hence;
A black'ning train mov'd o'er the
heath,
Where rose the village church-yard
fence.

The grave that held her Herbert dear
Poor Lucy's lifeless form receiv'd;
The friendly throng all dropt a tear;
For Lucy's woes each bosom heav'd.

They mourn'd her miserable fate;
Not hers the sin, not hers the
shame;
But deepest woe must sure await
The fiend whose arts destroy'd her
fame;

Whose base, deceptive, hellish plan,
To madness drove a feeling mind.
Alas! infatuated man!
Why are you thus to virtue blind?

A modest tombstone marks the place
Where rest this fond but wretched
pair;
On which an after-age may trace,
With tearful eyes, a lesson rare.

Alike the young and gay may learn
To shun all error as their bane;
May learn Seduction's wiles to spurn,
To walk in Virtue's hallow'd train.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE YOUNG WIDOW'S PETITION.

Written for and at the request of Mrs. N.

*How Time's revolving wheel wears down
the edge*

*Of sharp affliction! Widows' sable weeds
Soon turn to grey; drop a few tears
upon 'em,
And dusky grey is turn'd to bridal white;
Then comes the sun, shines through the
drizzling shower,
And the gay rainbow glows in all its co-
lours.*

CUMBERLAND.

PITY the sorrows of a pensive mind,
And, while a widow supplicates,
attend,
Ye gentle-minded masculines, supply
A friendless female with a tender
friend.

A friend I had, whose memory still is
dear,
Who lov'd me with Affection's
warmest glow;
'Twas mutual love first led to Hy-
men's shrine,
And form'd for us a paradise be-
low.

But here no Eden boasts unfading
blooms,
Fell serpents lurk near each terres-
trial bower:
To mar my comfort Death, grim Death
approach'd,
And all the sun-gilt scene began to
lour.

To stay a pale consumption's rapid
course,
Vain were my prayers, vain Escu-
lapius aid;
Life's loitering wheel at length for-
bore to turn,
And my lov'd William sunk in
death's cold shade.

Absorpt in grief, I sank upon the
floor
(Sigh answer'd sigh, and groan re-
echo'd groan);
Careless of life, refus'd refreshing
food,
And seem'd like Niobe, transform'd
to stone.

To please my friends, and chase those
clouds of gloom,
I trod with solemn step the painted
vale;
The flowers I often water'd with my
tears,

And loaded with my sighs the bal-
my gale.

Oft, when pale Luna rode the blue
serene,
And cheer'd creation with her sil-
very ray,
I've sought the spot where rests the
man I lov'd,
And lav'd the turf that hides his
mouldering clay.

Twelve tedious months I've worn
these dismal weeds,
Memento sad of bliss for ever past :
Ah, human bliss ! sweet transitory
flower,
The prey of every devastating blast !

Swift lenient Time (that proves the
mourner's friend,
And smoothes the ruffled brow of
stormy care)
Sheds his soft balm upon my wounded
mind,
While Hope suggests to-morrow
will be fair.

Gay Pleasures, crown'd with rose-
buds, with their smiles
Invite my steps to amaranthine
bowers,
Where festive Mirth, combin'd with
bright-ey'd Joy,
With Dance and Song lead on the
jocund hour.

Persuasive Nature says, or seems to
say,
"What, will you bid each sprightly
joy adieu,
Quit the fair scenes where Love and
Youth preside,
And turn recluse at blooming twen-
ty-two ?

"The lily that adorns my verdant
vales
Oft bows beneath moist April's
pelting storm ;
But when bright Phœbus opes his
gladsome eye,
The prostrate floweret rears its
silver form.

"Rouse, rouse thee from this lethar-
gy of grief,
Nor drown Life's spring in showers
of deep distress !
Forbear to sorrow o'er the insensate
dead,
But with thy radiant smiles the liv-
ing bless.

"Doubtless full many a youth with
partial view
Surveys thy charms, and longs to
call thee his ;
Would gladly wipe thy tear-impearled
eyes,
And joy to see them sparkle into
bliss."

Thus Nature sang, or sweetly seem'd
to sing,
In strains propitious to a youthful
ear ;
Excursive Fancy clapp'd her spangled
wing,
And her attendant sylphs rejoic'd
to hear.

O that this verse, unpolish'd tho' it
flows,
Some swain of pleasing manners
may excite
To come, with Love and Honour in his
train,
And turn this dreary black to cheer-
ful white !

With him I'd range, attended by a
groupe
Of rural Graces and of laughing
Loves,
Through all the sylvan mazes, leafy
shades,
And green retreats of Hymen's
happy groves.

Ye gentle youths who read my plain-
tive tale,
Whose hearts can melt at feminine
distress,
Pity my fate ; and may connubial
Love,
With influence bland, your future
moments bless !

J. M. L.

June 6, 1807.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

AT PHILADELPHIA, on the 2d of August last, by the Rev. Joseph Turner, James Irvine Rush, son of the late Joseph Rush, to Miss Ann Evans, daughter of Oliver Evans, all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d of October, Mr. Christopher Hunter, of Philadelphia, to Miss Nancy Kelly, of the county of Burlington.

On Tuesday evening, November 3, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. Robert Murphy, to Miss Abigail Ashburner, all of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, November 7, by the Rev. Mr. Zesline, Mr. Christopher J. Burkle, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Lentz, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th of November, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, captain Henry Lelar, to Miss Unity Hasson, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, November 12, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Dr. Erasmus Thomas, of Roxborough, Philadelphia county, to Miss Patience Morris, of Buck's county.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Latta, Mr. Philip Heyl, of Philadelphia, to Miss Margaret Whann, of Delaware.

On Saturday evening, November 14, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Robert W. Ogden, to Miss Julian Cornman, both of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, November 17, at Friends' meeting, John H. Warder, merchant, to Miss Abigail Hoskins, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, November 19, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Dr. Slifer, of Maryland, to Miss Catharine Fromberger, of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. William Craig, merchant, to Miss Sarah R. Wharton, daughter of Charles Wharton, Esq.

On Sunday evening, November 22, by the Rev. Dr. Mayer, Mr. Davis Wright, to Miss Eliza Kern, daughter of Gabriel Kern, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, November 26, by the right Rev. bishop White, Mr. Isaac Weaver, to Miss Frances B. Pearce, both of West Chester, Chester county.

Same evening, by the same, Mr.

Charles Clark, to Miss Martha R. Davis, daughter of captain William Davis, all of Philadelphia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Aaron Vogdes, to Miss Ann Hayman, both of Williamstown, Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. George Jones, to Miss Zebiah Hewson, daughter of Mr. John Hewson, of Kensington.

On Thursday, November 5, at Friends' meeting, in the city of Burlington, N. J., Mr. Isaac Bonsall, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, to Mrs. Mary Newbold, of the former place.

At BALTIMORE, at the house of Daniel Delozier, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. Bend, James Davidson, jun., Esq., of Washington city, to Miss Mary Higginbotham, of Baltimore.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, after a few days' illness, on the night of the 2d of November, Mr. Samuel Pleasants, an old and respectable merchant of that city, in the 71st year of his age.

On Thursday morning, November 12, between twelve and one o'clock, suddenly, of an apoplexy, Mrs. Anna Maria Legrand, wife of Mr. William Thomas Legrand, and daughter of Mr. Vincent Ducomb.

On Wednesday, November 18, Mr. George Leshner, tavern-keeper, Third street, sign of the harp and eagle.

On Friday evening, November 20, Mr. Matthew Whitehead, clerk of Christ's church, aged 70 years.

On Friday morning, November 27, in the twentieth year of her age, Elizabeth Witz, daughter of James Girvan.

At Greenwich, New York, Mrs. Keene, consort of R. R. Keene, Esq., daughter of Luther Martin Esq., of the city of Baltimore.

On Friday, October 30, in Boston, Mr. Samuel Hall, aged 67, one of the oldest and most correct printers in the state. He edited a truly republican newspaper from the commencement to the termination of the revolutionary war. Uncorruptible integrity and extraordinary equanimity

of mind were prominent traits in his character. He advocated undeviatingly the rights of the colonies, as opposed to the unjust claims of the mother country; and, while he admired, he uniformly supported those patriotic characters who formed our national constitution, and whose administration produced the highest happiness to their constituents, and will render their names immortal.

At same place, on Saturday night, November 14, Dr. Charles Jervis, aged 59.

At Portland, Maine, November 14, Martha Robeson, daughter of Peter Robeson, miller, near Philadelphia.

At Valley Forge, Huntingdon county, Penn., on the 17th of October, Mr. Grenberry Dorsey, for many years a respectable citizen of that county.

At Charleston, on the 20th of October, Benjamin Franklin Timothy, Esq., formerly proprietor of the South Carolina State Gazette, published in that city.

At same place, November 3, after a few days' illness, the venerable Michael Kalteisen, Esq., commandant of Fort Johnson, and captain in the United States regiment of artillery. His death was announced by 17 minute guns from Fort Johnson, which were answered by the same number from the gun-boats in the harbour. Captain Kalteisen had passed his seventy-eighth year. The colours of the shipping in the harbour were displayed half-mast, as a testimony of respect to his memory.

Lately, at the Havannah, in the island of Cuba, in the 19th year of his age, Thomas Stoughton, jun., eldest son of Don Thomas Stoughton, consul of his catholic majesty for New York.

On Thursday morning, October 29, very suddenly, of the gout in the stomach, major-general Elias Dayton, in the seventy-first year of his age; and on Saturday the corpse was removed to the Presbyterian church, where a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. John M'Dowell, from Joshua, xxiii, 14, *And behold this day I am going the way of all the earth.* The assemblage of citizens was more numerous than was ever known on the like occasion in

that town. Military honours were performed.

The whole proceedings were marked with uncommon solemnity, and evinced the unfeigned affliction felt by all classes of citizens.

In this solemn dispensation of Providence we behold the uncertainty of sublunary things, a fellow mortal in health in the evening, and a corpse before the next rising sun.

At the commencement of our revolution, general Dayton, though possessed of a competency of *this world's goods*, and in the fruition of every domestic enjoyment, balanced not between which side he should take, but with a patriotic ardour devoted himself to the service of his country, in the times which tested true patriotism, and never quitted the tented field until the consummation of our independence.

General Dayton was open, generous, and sincere; ardent in his friendship, and scrupulously upright in all the moral duties; in manners easy, unassuming, and pleasant: his charity prompt and diffusive; a warm and zealous supporter of the gospel.

Few excelled him in the relative duties of husband and parent; and as a neighbour he was pre-eminent in that virtue.

This venerable patriot of '76 had been engaged in active life ever since he was 19 years of age, and a great part of it in the service of his country.

Lately, at Upper Makefield, Pennsylvania, Thomas Lungly, aged upwards of seventy years. He was born near London; and, coming to Pennsylvania about fifty years since, with a handsome little fortune for those times, he commenced shop-keeping in the neighbourhood of his final exit, and conducted his business for some years with propriety and reputation, when, without any apparent cause, he fell into a partial derangement of his understanding, in which he continued to the last, supposing himself to be the king of Pennsylvania, but was content not to trouble society with any exercise of his regal authority, and firmly believing in the invisible agency of evil spirits. He then travelled on foot in the employ of an

itinerant cooper, carrying a pair of saddle-bags with his clothes and a few tools, knit his own stockings, and made up and repaired most of his wearing apparel in a substantial and workman-like manner. Some years since he hired at farming business in the summer season, and fulfilled his engagements with industry and punctuality; he sometimes hired for his board, and at intervals journeyed with his staff to visit his numerous acquaintance. He read with laborious attention judge Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, and also Gibson's Treatise on Surveying, and derived therefrom a good degree of valuable improvement in those abstruse sciences.

In the summer of 1803, he visited Charleston, in South Carolina, on foot, carrying his knapsack and travelling rations, consisting of biscuit, cheese, tea, sugar, molasses, &c. He went on some secret business, perhaps with the governor of that state, and spent above a year on the tour.

Since the troubles commenced in France, and his own difficulties increased in finding a suitable and permanent home, he has been much engaged in a mental and sometimes vocal exercise of what he called his devotions, being an odd mixture of unconnected sentences, expressive of no idea, nor object, yet he believed that his constancy in the performance of this duty was the only effectual means of preserving Great Britain from foreign invasion; he therefore frequently retired from company, standing in the open air uncovered, and appeared "rigid in thought and motionless," nor slightly "quit his place or posture" on those occasions, either by day or night. Sometimes politely asking leave, he stood up, and taking off his hat, he repeatedly went over his routine of words with some small variations, in a very solemn manner, and then would sit down and enter into conversation, taking no notice of what had passed.

The history of this man might be unimportant, but for what remains of his real character. He was of a middle stature and comely appearance, neat and clean in his person, and genteel in his dress and deportment, civil and friendly in his respects to-

wards his acquaintance, whom he chose to be of the best rank of people; he was precisely strict and exemplary in his morals, and uniformly avoided using any invidious terms or remarks concerning the conduct or character of any person, sect, or party, but in this respect was the real philanthropist, the polite gentleman, and citizen of the world: his usual address was "My friend," "My worthy friend," or "the honourable gentleman," and this civil disposition equally extended towards the family of the Stuarts, to Oliver Cromwell, and even to Bonaparte; and though he sometimes carried a brace of pistols or a sword, he never offered to use them. Though not possessed by nature of a remarkable docility, yet by dint of industrious application he had acquired some general knowledge of history and geography, and was tolerably acquainted with the improvements that have been made in public institutions, in farming, and mechanics, and appeared interested in most of the common subjects of conversation, in which he was regular, informing, and agreeable, social and respectful, and occasionally lively and facetious; he was mostly correct in his judgment, and never descended to the low or frivolous, but spoke in a good style, giving a plain description of his ideas, and seldom discovered, in his common conversation or behaviour, any symptoms of his strange peculiarities.

He was educated a member of the episcopalian church, but ever since his coming to this country, has attended friend's meetings, and oftentimes yearly meetings in Philadelphia, and always behaved in an orderly and solemn manner on those occasions. He had enjoyed a general good state of health, and finally wasted away by a gradual decline, and perhaps had arrived to the *ne plus ultra* of his human existence.

He died possessed of a personal estate amounting to five hundred pounds. It is supposed he has left no will nor any heirs in this country.

On Wednesday evening last (says the Londonderry Journal of August 25), a sailor, belonging to the American ship Hannah, fell from the fore-yard on the deck, and was so severe-

ly hurt, that he lived but a very short time after. About two hours previous to the melancholy accident, a female passenger fell out of the boat into the water, in attempting to go up the ship's side, when the deceased immediately threw off his jacket and shoes, leaped in, and rescued her from a watery grave. This generous and heroic act not only acquired him the esteem and regard of his messmates, but the universal admiration of the passengers on board, who, in order to evince their gratitude, eagerly pressed forward to treat him, by which means, it is said, he got himself intoxicated, which circumstance unfortunately led to the catastrophe. The next day, his remains, accompanied by all the sailors in the harbour, who walked in solemn procession, and many respectable citizens, were decently interred in the church-yard, where an appropriate funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hay. Never, indeed, have we heard a service more apposite to the occasion, or which seemed to make a more deep impression, and we sincerely hope a lasting one, on the minds of those present. What a warning to the unfortunate victims of intemperance, who sacrifice health, substance, *life* itself, and, what is still worse than all, the prospects of hereafter, to the wretched pleasure of drinking a slow but sure poison, prepared by a process to enervate the faculties of soul and body, and pave the way for the commission of every heinous crime.

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For the Literary Magazine.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, Nov. 7, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 7th of November.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Childbed,	1	0
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	1

Decay,	1	2
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1
Fever, nervous,	0	1
—, typhus,	0	1
Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of the breast,	0	1
Lethargy,	1	0
Locked jaw,	1	0
Old age,	2	0
Pleurisy,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Marasmus,	0	1
Unknown,	1	1
Total,	16	10—26

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	6
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	3
10 15	0
15 20	1
20 30	2
30 40	3
40 50	3
50 60	3
60 70	1
70 80	3
80 90	0

Ages unknown 0

Total, ————26

Nov. 14.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad.</i>	<i>Childr.</i>
Casualties,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Convulsions,	3	1
Decay,	1	1
Diarrhœa,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever,	1	0
—, nervous,	0	1
—, typhus,	2	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
— bowels,	0	1
Insanity,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Rheumatism, inflam.	1	0
Suicide,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	1
Sudden,	2	0
Syphilis,	1	0
Weakness,	1	0
Unknown,	0	1
Total,	23	9—32

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	7
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	1
10 20	1
20 30	4
30 40	5
40 50	1
50 60	4
60 70	2
70 80	0
80 90	1
Ages unknown,	5
Total,	32

Nov. 21.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0
Convulsions,	0	3
Decay,	3	3
Dropsy,	2	0
Drowned,	1	0
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever,	1	0
—, typhus,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Mortification,	1	0
Old age,	6	0
Pleurisy,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Diseases unknown,	2	1
Sudden,	1	0
Total,	26	12—38

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	11
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	0
10 20	1
20 30	1
30 40	5
40 50	3
50 60	2
60 70	2
70 80	4
80 90	2
102	1
Ages unknown,	5
Total,	38

Nov. 28.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Abscess of the lungs,	1	0
Atrophy,	1	0
Casualties,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	6	0
Concussion of the brain,	1	0

Convulsions,	0	2
Decay,	4	0
Dropsy of the brain,	0	1
Dropsy of the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0
Erysipelas,	1	0
Fever,	1	1
—, remittent,	1	0
—, nervous,	1	0
Hives,	0	5
Hæmorrhage,	1	0
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0
— bowels,	0	1
Lethargy,	1	0
Mortification,	0	1
Old age,	1	0
Pleurisy,	2	0
Scrofula,	0	1
Still-born,	0	4
Worms,	0	1
Sudden,	0	1
Dyspepsia,	1	0
Unknown,	0	1
Total,	26	20—46

Of the above there were :

Under 2 years	15
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	3
10 20	3
20 30	4
30 40	5
40 50	3
50 60	2
60 70	2
70 80	1
80 90	1
Ages unknown	6
Total	46

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 24th to the 31st of October, 1807.

Adults 17—Children 26—Total 43.

Diseases.

Asthma,	1
Casualty*,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholera morbus,	1
Consumption,	8
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	3

* A gentleman who died in consequence of being thrown out of his chair in Hudson-street.

Dropsy in the head,	1
Hectic fever,	1
Typhus fever,	3
Infantile flux,	2
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Insanity,	1
Mortification of the bowels,	1
Nervous headache,	1
Small-pox,	1
Still-born,	3
Teething,	2
Hooping-cough,	1
Worms,	1

From the 31st of October to the 7th of November.

Adults 25—Children 17—Total 42.

Casualties,	2
Childbed,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	8
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	3
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	2
Typhus fever,	3
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Inflammation of the brain,	1
Insanity,	1
Old age,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Sprue,	1
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1
Worms,	1

From the 7th to the 14th of November

Adults 23—Children 17—Total 40.

Consumption,	10
Casualties*,	2
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	3
Dropsy,	4
Dysentery,	2
Nervous fever,	1
Remittent fever,	1
Hives,	2
Inflammation of the stomach,	2
Insanity,	1
Old age,	1
Pleurisy,	1

* Of the cases of casualty, one was a child, aged one year, accidentally burnt; the other was a man named Thomas Edwards, a native of England, aged 35 years, found dead on the wharf at Beckman-slip.

Suicide, by strangling,	1
Thrush,	1
Worms,	3

From the 14th to the 21st of November.

Adults 27—Children 16—Total 43.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	3
Asthma,	1
Casualty*,	1
Bilious cholic,	1
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	2
Diabetes,	1
Diarrhœa,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Fever, hectic,	1
Fever, inflammatory,	1
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the stomach,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Influenza,	1
Liver disease,	1
Old age,	1
Suicide by laudanum,	1
Teething,	1
Hooping-cough,	1
Worms,	1

* Charles Hart, a native of Ireland, aged 24 years, who died in consequence of a fall.

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending November 2, at sunrise.

Diseases.

Consumption,	3
Mortification,	1
Teething,	1
Influenza,	1
Infantile,	3
Diarrhœa,	1
Apoplexy,	1
Unknown,	2

Adults 7—Children 6—Total 13.

Diseases.

Nov. 9.

Consumption,	4
Influenza,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Fits,	3
Jaundice,	1
Worms,	4
Hooping cough,	1

Adults 8—Children 7—Total 15.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Nov. 16.</i>	<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Nov. 23.</i>
Sudden,	1	Drowned,	1
Still-born,	1	Pleurisy,	3
Unknown,	2	Unknown,	3
Croup,	1	Infantile,	3
Dropsy,	2	Fits,	2
Pleurisy,	1	Croup,	2
Infantile,	2	Consumption,	1
Adults 7—Children 3—Total 10.		Cholera,	1
		Adults 9—Children 7—Total 16.	

PRICE OF STOCKS.

	<i>Philadelphia, December 1, 1807.</i>
Eight per cent.	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	98½
Three per cent.	64
Bank United States	122
— Pennsylvania	132
— North America	145
— Philadelphia	123
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	106
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	160
— North America	90
— Philadelphia	160
— Union	45 dollars for 60 paid.
— Delaware	44 do. do.
— Phoenix	84 do. 80 paid.
— Marine and Fire	40 do. 60 paid.
— United States	20 do. 30 paid.
Water Loan	103 per cent.
City Loan	104
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	75 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	82½
Frankford Turnpike Shares	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	do.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bills on London at 60 days

par.